Spirit of the Times.

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839.

VOL. IX.—No. 27.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. of New Orleans, is apprised that we shall meet him at Louisville on the 30th. Three "Spirits" to a "Picayune" he cannot name the winner of the great stake, or we will take the odds that we can. We will endeavor, with G., to find "just the man" for him.

It is understood that neither *The Queen* nor *Boston* will start for the four mile stake at Norfolk. *Portsmouth* has been thrown out, so that WILSON's dependence is *Omega*. Col. JOHNSON has Fordham, Mary Blunt, and Wonder; HARE has Willis and Job. It will be well worth seeing in any case, and we shall probably take Norfolk in our way to the "Far West."

The Hon. Capt. B. is referred to page 285, vol. VIII., for information relative to B. and P. After a careful examination, we do not find them mentioned in any other volume. The former never ran at Philadelphia,—at least we can find no record of a race won by her, in either the "Register" or "Spirit." Pages 70—71 of the English Racing Calendar for 1835 contain the report of the Bibury meeting, in which "Mr. Rawlinson's b. f. *Reliance*, by Fungus, 3 yrs." rode by J. Day, figures twice as a winner. As Reliance is the only filly by Fungus that started during the meeting, either her name must have been changed subsequently, or there is some mistake as to the identity of P. Fungus had but three winners in 1835, one being Reliance, 3 yrs., Retaliator, 2 yrs., and Revenge, 5 yrs. Reliance was the only filly.

A. N. V.'s suggestion to the "Old Nap." in our next. Also, W. F. D.'s letter from Raymond.

The letter from Bardstown came safe. We have prayed for rain ever since. There will be a "oopin' and ollerin'" when B. T. "rakes down the corn."

The rumor of Gander's purchase at $10,000 needs confirmation.

J. C. B., of P., Missouri, is informed that we can find no mention of his horse in the files of this paper. Mr. J. C. B. who trained him can probably furnish the desired information, which we will publish with pleasure. The horse Dr. M. referred to, was another of the same name, not yours.

R. F. W. A., Esq., has our acknowledgments for his courtesy. We are fearful a voyage would injure "the noble animal," though he would certainly be a great curiosity here. We should like to see him promenading Broadway.

The Montreal Races, in our next.

The proceedings at the first meeting of the *Monster Bass Association* in the next "Spirit." The Secretary is probably busy writing out the inimitable speeches made on that festive occasion, which totally eclipse even the celebrated one made recently in Boston by "the proud representative of the Mammoth Cod, by ——!"

JIM will please nudge JEMES for a little more of the same as his last. Jim, how are you now? Jemes, how do you rise?

P. of Mobile was accidentally overlooked. We shall be most pleased to hear from him at any time.

Look at the advertisement of the Eagle Course, Trenton. The Proprietor leads off with his best foot foremost, and promises to go ahead!

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1839.

REVIVAL OF TOURNAMENTS.

On this page of this week's paper, the reader may find full details of the tournament, which ere this, has taken place at the seat, and under the auspices, of the Earl of Eglinton. An earlier notice of them has been deferred, that the report of the actual jousts might follow more immediately upon the preliminary notices. It gives singular occasion for reflection upon the manners of the aristocracy of England, to read of the enthusiasm with which these feudal pastimes are regarded upon their revival. The enormous wealth of England is so unequally distributed, that the poor have hardly less trouble in eking out a miserable existence upon a scanty pittance, than have the affluent and high born descendants of the Conqueror, in pursuing their round of pleasures, in devising new projects for amusement, fresh opportunities for dissipating their heaping hoards. England is the only country upon earth, where there is a large class of citizens whose whole pursuit is in search of pleasure—with wealth so great, that not only do the usual trials and embarrassments of life give no disquietude, but the sole source of discontent is the want of new enjoyments, undiscovered luxuries.

To this profusion of affluence, and this eager thirst for pleasure, do we owe the revival of the tournament by the Earl of Eglinton. How heartily rank and fashion are entering into the sport, will at once appear from the very full details we have given below.

The Tattler.—Every one is remarking the great and sudden improvement in a portion of our city papers; they are becoming peppery and spicy every week. We do not allude to the "Journal of Commerce," nor yet the "Courier," although the "Courier" has mingled incidentally in the fray. The "New Yorker" stands prominently forward, and the spirit which it has introduced is gradually spreading to other journals. In old times, our own venerable journal was the only paper that dared speak as it thought of some dunce of a poet, who had been boring you to death for three weeks to get a puff of a forthcoming volume of his "fugitive productions;" but people read the "Spirit" *as much* for its sporting news as any thing else, and our firm and easy way of walking into humbugs pleased only in select circles. But the moment Park Benjamin got hold of one page of the "New Yorker," the reformation commenced, and now it has become safe to say that the "Charter Oak" is not superior to "Childe Harold." Such independence of criticism really astounds one even now, for we have quite a number of papers yet advocating the cause of humbug with undisturbed pertinacity.

We have just been reading the "Mirror" of to-day, who thus rescues the fair fame of Mr. Adams from annihilation, in the true humbug style.

"The Charter Oak, and other Poems." By John Jay Adams, pp. 60, New York: Samuel Colman.

A poem, which has received the enthusiastic eulogy of Woodworth, can be little affected either by our praise or our censure. The "Charter Oak" was originally published in the Mirror, and has met with numerous readers and admirers. Mr. Adams has a correct ear in versification. His style is peculiarly his own, and in these days of pillaging and imitation, we look upon originality as no small recommendation. We should not omit to observe that the typography of this volume is very beautiful—well worthy of the contents.

Think of this for a moment, reader; it is the critical opinion of a critical journal which is supposed to direct the taste of more boarding school misses than any paper in Christendom. What independence of thought is inculcated in the first sentence, and *literally* how just an appreciation of its own authority is evinced in the same line; "A poem which has received the enthusiastic eulogy of Woodworth, can be little affected either by our praise or by our censure"! Seriously, this is too contemptible even for the "Mirror"!!

But the purpose of this paragraph was to say a word for the "Tattler," to which Mr. Benjamin is understood to contribute the *leaders*. It is the liveliest paper in the town, and a particular favorite of ours, and principally because it dares to be perfectly independent, and say just what it thinks of man, woman, and child. There is a set of ninnies picking at it in the "Star" every night, the result of whose scribblings has been to sell a thousand extra copies of the "Tattler" the next day.* We are not puffing this paper because they like the "Spirit"—to do otherwise is impossible among honest folks—but because we are seriously gratified that there should be one paper, with an extensive circulation, that is considered on a footing entirely independent,—that is looked for every day by thousands who are anxious to know *the truth* about a new play, a new book, or whatever other topic the editor chooses to hit upon. Success most ample to a *well conducted* penny press, say we!

Thus much of praise for the "Tattler," but that paper in our opinion, deserves rebuke for its injustice to a young actor at the National. It would seem to be the result of a personal prejudice, which should be overcome. We observed, the morning after "Richelieu" was brought out, that four morning papers expressed themselves pointedly and favorably towards the gentleman to whom we allude. This is not the true test we allow; but further—he received more applause from the audience on each of the nights we have seen "Richelieu," than any other individual in the cast, save only Mr. Forrest.

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* We ought to observe that one correspondent of the "Star" has been able to "pick up" the "Tattler" in a musical matter—that correspondent ought not to be ranked among the "ninnies."

GRAND TOURNAMENT AT EGLINTOUN CASTLE.

The grand tournament at Eglintoun Castle will take place on the 28th of August, and we understand that the list of knights and esquires exceeds the number originally intended. The tilting and other chivalrous sports will occupy three days. The procession to the lists leaves the Castle about noon of each day, and will comprise the knights, their esquires and retainers, the king of the lists and the lord of the tournament, the queen of beauty, and the other principal personages who will figure in this revival of the glories of other days. The encampments of the knights, strictly copied from ancient authorities, and painted in the colors, and decked with the emblazoned banners and crests of their martial occupants, will be an interesting sight; and when the Gothic galleries surrounding the lists are crowded with the beauty and fashion of the three kingdoms, and the steel-clad champions rush to the encounter, we can easily imagine the splendor of the spectacle. The sports will be concluded with banquets, balls, and masques, given to the assembled *élite* by the noble holder of the festival. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are likewise expected to be guests of Lord Eglintoun during the tournament, with many amongst the most distinguished of our own and foreign noblesse, in gorgeous costumes of the middle ages. The Ayrshire Archers, headed by their Captain, Claude Alexander, Esq., clad in a brilliant and characteristic costume, will muster in great force, and add to the attraction of the spectacle.

The most splendid and magnificent specimen of ancient armor, to be worn on this interesting occasion, is generally considered to be that recently brought from the armory of the baronial hall of Hylton Castle, near Sunderland, Durham. This princely and gorgeous suit is made of pure Milan steel, burnished blue, decorated with gold studs or rivets, curiously inlaid with the same costly metal, and elaborately wrought in arabesque. The casque or helmet alone weighs nearly 40 lbs., and the bars of the vizor are of solid gold. This warlike specimen of the olden time is in beautiful preservation, and is said to have cost 1000 guineas nearly 500 years ago, when it was worn by the then Baron of Hylton at the victorious battle of Cressy. The total expenses of this grand and chivalric display will, it is supposed, exceed £50,000.

The chief knights at present are Lords Eglintoun, Craven, Hillsborough, Alford, Cassilis, the Marquis of Waterford, Sir Francis Hopkins, the Hon. Mr. Gage, the Hon. Captain Maynard, the Hon. Edward Jerningham. Among the esquires are the Hon. Captain Macdonald, Captain Beresford, and Captain Purvis. Prince Louis Bonaparte will also enter the lists.

The renown of the expected tournament about to be held in Scotland, has reached Paris, and creates a certain interest in a people once so celebrated for their *belles joutes et hauts faits d'armes*. It is said that Lord Eglintoun descends in a direct line from Roger de Mundegumbrie (the which name has degenerated into Montgomery), who followed the Duke of Normandy to England at the time of the Conquest. A member of this family returned to settle in France in the beginning of the reign of Francis the First; and his son John de Montgomery, better known under the name of Captain de Lorges, was renowned for his address in all bodily exercises, which, however, did not prevent his wounding Francis the First in a sort of mock fight, on the forehead, with a lighted brand. The son of this gentleman, Gabriel de Montgomery, also a great lover of all tilts and tournaments, had the misfortune, in an affair of this kind, to wound mortally Henry the Second, who tilted with him. After several anxious and restless years, the consequence of his involuntary regicide, he was taken in 1574 and imprisoned in one of the towers of the Conciergerie, which for a long time bore his name, and was beheaded by order of Catherine de Medicis, who thus revenged the death of her husband, twenty-four years after his death. It is singular enough, that after more than two centuries and a half which have elapsed since this event, a descendant of Gabriel de Montgomery should have thus preserved this taste for tournaments and chivalric sports. It is said that a high personage intends to leave France, if possible, to be present; if so, it is to be desired that the descendant of the Montgomerys may have inherited the awkwardness of his ancestors; and the Prince Louis Napoleon would also do well to look to himself, seeing his pretensions to the throne of France, the Montgomerys being rather unlucky in their tilts with and before kings.

Each knight is to choose a lady, whose colors he is to wear, and whose superiority he is to maintain before all lovers, native or foreign, known or unknown, proving the old adage that—

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

The Age.

Rehearsals for the Tournament.

The rehearsals for the performances, which are to come off in the summer at Lord Eglintoun's, are taking place every Tuesday and Saturday at the grounds of the Eyre Arms Tavern, at the top of St. John's Wood: we believe next Saturday will, however, be the last day of the exhibition of the mimic knights and esquires, at least it is so understood at present, though if these doughty "men at arms" are not a little more *au fait* when the "tournament" is to take place, they will be miserably defective in their imitation of the knights of the "olden times." On Tuesday the tilting feats were performed by Lords Glenlyon, the Hon. Mr. Charteris, the Marquis of Waterford, the Hon. Captain Gage, the Earl of Eglintoun, and the Earl of Craven, all of whom appeared in full suits of armor, "very grand," and almost as fierce as the men in armor who ride in the "Lord Mayor's show." Lord Gage presided as Marshal of the Lists, and kept order amongst the jousters. The Marquis of Waterford was thrown from his horse, and rolled ignobly in the sawdust and sand of the course, but received no injury; indeed, the armor is protection to a certain degree from broken bones, although it is said several accidents have already occurred from the awkwardness of the parties employed. Be that as it may, there were no serious accidents on Tuesday, and the whole business went off as such things usually do, somewhat dull, and altogether silly. There were a group of attendants dressed like the buffoons at St. Bartholomew fair, who were no doubt intended to represent the retainers of the jousting knights; these worthies held the horses, kept the doors, and, with the assistance of a policeman, were in that respect a very efficient force. The tilting consisted in each knight riding at half speed at the figure of a knight in armor, a sort of iron scarecrow, mounted on a wooden horse, and placed on small truck wheels on an inclined plane. This "dummy" knight, on being let loose, rattled along his railroad groove for the length of 50 yards, whilst the real earnest knight-errant rode fiercely at him in his transit, and strove to knock him out of his saddle at the point of the lance. "Dummy," however, proved in the long run the best man of the lot, and sat with imperturbable patience whilst all the chivalry of the Eyre Arms attacked him in turn. He remained unscathed, and looked as much like a stalwart warrior as any of his antagonists. There were many ladies present, whose bright eyes encouraged the knights to the contest; among these were Ladies Gage, Kinnoul, Dowager Lady Craven, Lady St. Vincent, &c. Lord Chesterfield had withdrawn from the lists, but it was reported in the tilting ground that his place was to be supplied by the ex-Chancellor Lord Brougham. This rumor is hardly credible, though the length of limb of his Lordship, and his extraordinary versatility, combined with his sternness of feature, would render him what in sporting phrase is termed a very "ugly customer," if they did not secure him the highest rewards of chivalry.

Times.

A correspondent of the "Times" shows, on the authorities of Blackstone and Hale, that if their boyish folly should end, as it probably will, in the death of some one of the jousters, the parties implicated will be guilty of felony.

London paper.

Last Rehearsal.

[From the Court Journal, July 10.]

The tournament is at present the engrossing subject of conversation in the fashionable circles. Saturday last was the last day of rehearsal, when the gardens of the Eyre Arms Tavern were honored by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, and upwards of 3,500 persons of distinction. On each side of the ground were elevated benches for the accommodation of the spectators. At the extreme end were three tents, where the Knights were equipped. At the opposite end a marquee was erected for the Royal Family and principal Nobility. The ground was furnished with a barrier, and all the other appurtenances of the ancient tilting-yard.

The Duchess of Cambridge, accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, arrived shortly before four, attended by Baron Knesebeck and the Hon. Miss Kerr. Her Royal Highness was received by the Earl of Eglintoun, Earl of Wilton, &c. The practice then commenced with running at the Quintain. The Hon. Captain Gage, Lord Glenlyon, Viscount Alford, the Hon. Captain Maynard, &c., greatly distinguished themselves by the force of their attacks. Viscount Alford and Glenlyon received falls during the afternoon. The young Marquess of Worcester, who very successfully pierced the oranges with his spear, through his horse shying, was thrown, but was not hurt. At a quarter to six, the Marshal of the Lists (Lord Gage) made the subjoined proclamation, preparatory to the Earl of Eglintoun and Viscount Alford entering the lists.—

"No Knight to ride more than three courses with the same opponent, in which advantage of any kind gained twice by the same lance decides the victory; so that if these be gained in the two first, the victory is decided, as in heats at a race.

"N.B.—In default of other advantages gained in any course, the judge will decide for the atteint made nearest to the centre of the shield.

"It is expressly ordered by the Earl of Eglintoun, and must be distinctly understood by each Knight upon engaging to run a course, that he is to strike his opponent on no other part than the shield; and that an atteint made elsewhere will be adjudged foul, and the match forfeited.

"Particular attention is most earnestly requested to be paid to this injunction, for the general good and credit of the proposed tournament, as any untoward accident might throw discredit upon it, or even prevent its ever taking place, by force of law or public opinion.

"No Knight can be permitted to ride without having on the whole of his tilting pieces.

"Lances of equal length, substance, and quality, as far as can be seen, will be delivered to each Knight, and none others will be allowed.

"GAGE, Marshal of the Lists."

A flourish of trumpets announced the readiness of the royal combatants. The Earl of Eglintoun wore a costly suit of brass armor. From the crest which surmounted his helmet proceeded a plume of blue and yellow feathers. His horse was richly caparisoned with blue satin and cloth of gold. Viscount Alford was cased in a magnificent suit of polished steel. His Lordship's horse was also caparisoned with blue and white cloth. Both Knights, having made their *devoir* before the bevy of noble dames in the principal pavilion, took up their positions. The herald then sounded a charge, and the Knights rushed to the encounter; but the pass was made without damage. After a slight pause the noble Lords again rushed forward, the lance of the Earl of Eglintoun slightly touching the *passe-guarde* of his adversary. In the next the Earl of Eglintoun struck the *passe-guarde* of his opponent, and the concussion splintered his lance. In the next course Viscount Alford came full upon the *passe-guarde* of the Earl of Eglintoun with such force as to shiver his lance into several pieces. After this course the noble Knights dismounted and retired to their respective tents to unarm. The Hon. Captain Gage and Lord Glenlyon next entered the lists, but owing to the untractable disposition of Mr. Gage's charger, after several fruitless attempts the contest was given up. Viscount Powerscourt, Mr. Balfour, Lord Drumlanrig, Mr. Cavendish, &c., were riding in the lists. Earl Craven, who was present, wore a superb coat of steel, ornamented with gold elaborately wrought in arabesque.

A fire at Cincinnati on the 18th inst., destroyed the upper stories of two brick buildings in Coventry, Ky.

Phil. World

Did our friend of the World ever hear of the dozen brick buildings destroyed in New York by the fire in Mobile

Cin. Republican.

Or of the dose of Peters' pills the man took for the fever and ague which cured a brother of his, living on the next block, of a chronic rheumatism?

N. O. Picayune.

A Jack of all Trades.—Among other accusations brought by one Western editor against another, he says that he teaches a class in a Sunday school in the morning, and plays a poker all the afternoon! There's consistency for you.

N. O. Picayune.

THE ALBANIAN IN THE WEST INDIES.—No. II.

WEST END, Nov. 18.

By the good brig Buenos Ayres, I continue the correspondence established between us.

On the morning after I wrote you, we determined to go over to West End and settle down after our wanderings. The distance we had to go was 15 miles. *Sam*, our quadruped fellow traveller, was placed before a light wagon, and in company with some other friends, we trundled off. Perceiving that our vehicle did not roll over the ground in its usual smooth and agreeable manner, and that Sam did not seem to "caper nimbly" before it, as was his custom, we stopped at an estate on our route, and ascertained the cause to be, the maladjustment of the wheels by the *intelligent* negroes who had undertaken to put them on their *axis*

After putting the *front* wheels in *front*, and the *hind* wheels *behind*, we found ourselves getting on with much greater facility!

The roads were as smooth as a floor, bordered by the most beautiful trees and shrubs, whose appearance was altogether new to us, and the picturesque effect of which was truly charming. Among them we saw the coacoa-nut, (cocos nucifera) the banana, and the mountain cabbage.

We who see only the dry fruit of the cocoa, are scarcely aware of the importance of the tree. The medical properties of the nut are said to be very valuable,—the oil is demulcent, and good externally for pains,—the water is cosmetic.

But for other purposes it is invaluable. The trunk is used for building and fencing—the leaves form a good thatch—the outer covering of the nut when soaked and macerated, leaves a mass of fibres fit for cordage, and many other uses. The shells make excellent cups, and when in the hands of the turner, are manufactured into button moulds. As an edible, it is very fine—the milk and the cream are much in favor with the inhabitants, and the kernel is an article of diet. A refreshing drink is made of its juice, by a well known process, and is called Toddy. This drink is said "to cheer but not inebriate."

But when I looked at the lofty and branchless trees, I asked how the nuts were obtained? Had they Sinbads and monkies in sufficient numbers, to gather "the fruit in due season?" I was informed that there was a peculia kind of harness in which the slaves placed themselves, by the aid of which they ascended. Their feet are tied together, so that they can be left at a proper distance apart, and yet be pressed against the trunk of the tree. A sort of collar is then passed round the tree and the neck of the climber, and by giving a jump in which feet and hands are both employed, he is enabled to ascend without difficulty.

Fences are here unknown, the divisions of the estates are maintained by lines of trees and shrubs. As far as the eye can reach a continued expanse of color, "the brightest of emerald and purest of green," opens before you, dotted with tropical foliage, and stone windmills. Here and there, also, is observed a cluster of negro huts.

We reached Mrs. B.'s, and found a good dinner ready to receive us. The house is pleasantly situated, and is better furnished than usual here. It is one story in height, and covers a large area. Our mode of life is thus:—We rise at 7, breakfast at 8, lunch at 12, and dine at 4. The variety of fish is astonishing. The fruits are abundant and delicious. The meats, however, are poor and dear. Beef is sold at 16 cents a pound. Among the fruits, I tasted for the first time, the Granadilla, the fruit of a species of Passion flower, as its botanical name indicates, (*Passiflora quadrangularis.*) The pulp is of a fine sweet and acid taste, and is said to be fragrant and cooling. In the opinion of naturalists, however, the whole species is deleterious.

The Alligator pear or Avocado is another fruit which we now enjoyed for the first time. It is the *Persca gratissima* of the botanists, and is called vegetable marrow from its nourishing qualities.

One of the first inquiries of travellers is for pleasant rides, and though there are many such, yet we perceive a great sameness in the scenery.

Sam, our Yankee steed, carries us about with great comfort, but I perceive he does not exactly understand his "whereabouts." He soon became familiar with the black race, but a Crook upset his philosophy. A crook is a mule, loaded with cane-tops, which completely cover up the animal, and on the top is generally placed a bundle of rags, called a Banboo. W— drove out Mrs. B. the other evening, and met a train of these nondescripts. The leading crook came up in the most friendly manner to Sam, and would have rubbed noses with all the politeness of an Esquimaux. But Sam declined the honor, turned short about, ran up a bank and upset the carriage. This unceremonious procedure dislodged both lady and gentleman, though happily without any injury to either.

As yet we have few Americans here. We are rather early in the season, but have had the pleasure of forming some agreeable acquaintances among the inhabitants.

On Tuesday last, we were delighted with the intelligence that two American men-of-war were standing into the harbor. I pushed for the beach, and while my bosom thrilled with emotion at beholding these "winged ambassadors" of my country, my risibles were kept in constant tension by the logomachy of the negroes around me, who were discussing the character and intentions of the strangers. As night-fall approached, to sunset succeeded a brilliant moonlight, although the "moon had not yet filled her horn." Ours is effulgent, but this of St. Croix is surpassingly so. The vessels stood on and off so long that I returned home, but the next morning we learned their names to be the Vandalia and the Experiment, the latter built by our townsman, Mr. Annesley. Com. Henley, wife, and two daughters, were on board. The Governor General has sent the state carriage to take them over to Bassin, where a grand ball is to be given this evening at the Government house. Their arrival has made us quite gay. Dinners and evening parties are to succeed each othe rapidly, and to-morrow rning we are to meet them at breakfast.

We had no idea that the temperature of this place was as uniformly high as it is. The thermometer shows but little variation from day to day, and though hung up in a cool situation, indicates on the average 80° at 8 A.M., 84° at 12 M., and the same at 3 P.M.; at 8 P.M. it is 80°.

We remain in the house from 10 in the morning till 5 in the evening, when we take our drive. No words can sufficiently describe to you the gorgeousness of the sunsets.

When I look at the quaint architecture of the dwellings about me, the strange and enormous foliage of the trees, which shade them, and then see this all lit up by a most brilliant moon, I can well fancy myself in a foreign land, and far, far distant from the old elm trees of Albany.

F.

BROCK, THE SWIMMER.

> "I have therefore been inclined to think that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind."—*Spectator.*

That truth is stranger than fiction the experience of every day serves to confirm, and to separate the one from the other is in many cases no easy matter. How many great and extraordinary actions are performed, acknowledged, wondered at, and forgotten, from the want of some recording hand to present them to posterity! Rude and pretentionless are many of the monuments of human achievements, which the hand of Time has spared to "point a moral and adorn a tale." Four hundred and fifty years have passed away since the bold Douglas and Earl Percy fought a Chevy-chase: the feats of heroism and personal valor performed there are presented to us with all the freshness of a yesterday occurrence by a doggrel verse; and the history of perfidy, murder, and retributive justice, (composing a homily,) in the nursery tale of the "Babes in the Wood," excite and plant some of the earliest feelings of just indignation, never perhaps to be effaced in the infant breast, against inhumanity and oppression, and is conveyed through the same channel. Vain may be the hope that the tale which will form the subject of this paper shall be so honored in "the course of time;" but should these lines, before "decay's effacing fingers" have preyed upon the frail materials that present them, meet the eye of some future Scott or Crabbe, possibly the swimming feat of the hero of my story, Brock, the Yarmouth Boatman, may in future days be as "household words familiar" on sea and on shore, not only to the physiologist, but to all who delight in contemplating the wondrous powers that are occasionally called forth upon emergency from a combination of mental and bodily strength. In our leisure wanderings through the world, how many interesting incidents call us from the straight road, and beguile us on our way, unless we are of those whose cry is "all is barrenness!" Scarcely a day passes by but something is to be culled by an observer, that may serve, if only dressed in comely apparel, to entertain or instruct those who have merely time allowed amidst the cares and business of life to taste of the fruits which are gathered for the general use. Under the impression that every one who has the opportunity should offer his mite, I am induced to present this narrative to your Readers, confident that, albeit I may be "little graced with the set phrase" of literature, the "subject" is worthy of a place in your graphic pages. Leander's love for Hero had never been told but for the feats which he had performed before fate defeated him: his swimming is the basis of his immortality. Byron placed this useful and manly accomplishment with his own hand amongst the leaves that compose his never-dying garland; and Lieutenant Ekenhead's name is coupled with the Hellespont from possessing the same amphibious quality. But these men, recorded to have "held acquaintance with the wave," and made mighty in their prowess by classic lore, must retire into the shade when Brock's simple story is told. It would almost persuade us that Palinurus and Orion really performed their fabled wonders when we contemplate this well-authenticated fact—a fact established in every particular by the most minute investigation and irrefragable evidence. Bear with me a little longer. True it is that many a man has spoiled a good tale by assuring his hearers that he will tell them the best thing in the world; and many a beauty has been denounced certainly no beauty, if not "right down ugly," by the in- means of friends that have preceded her *debut:*

> "But truth has better deeds than words to grace it,"

and I have risked this exordium, because in truth I am in love with my subject. Like Gray, I can assert "I am not a metaphysician, and have not the eyes of a cat to see in the dark; nor a mathematician, with those of an eagle to see in too much light; but the world, men, manners, and human nature, these charm me in all descriptions of them." As a further inducement to the perusal of this narrative, I promise my Readers upon every possible opportunity to make use of Brock's own words instead of my own, to confirm that "they that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, these men see the works of God and his wonders in the deep."

> "Most provident in peril."—Shakspeare.

Amongst the sons of labor there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of this kingdom. To those unacquainted with maratime affairs it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy, are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen, and during the Autumn, Winter, and Spring, when gales are most frequent on our coast, in going off in boats to vessels in distress, in all weathers, to the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for waifs (*i. e.* anything abandoned or wrecked) which the winds and waves may have cast in their way. In our sea-ports these persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them: this too often leads to feats of the greatest daring, which the widow and the orphan have long to deplore. To one of these Companies, known by the name of "Layton's," whose rendezvous and "look-out" is close to Yarmouth Jetty, Brock belongs, and in pursuit of his calling the following event is recorded.

About 1 P. M. on the 6th of October 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing East, distant about twelve miles: in a space of time incredible for those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl "Increase," eighteen tons burden, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London Branch Pilot, was under weigh steering for the object of their enterprise. "I was as near as possible being left ashore," said Brock to me; for at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck then practising, and but for the 'singing out' of my messmates which caught my ear should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet."

About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, Paquette de Bilboa, laden with a general cargo and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling* in regard to the amount of salvage (always the case with foreigners,) and some little altercation with part of the boat's-crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt Pilot,) J. Woolsey, and George Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbor: the remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the Eastward of the Newarp Floating Light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looking squally; on passing the Light, in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off and set all sail (three lugs): they had a fresh breeze from the W. S. W. And now again my readers shall have Brock's own words:—

"There was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed: most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern: we had talked of our job, (*i. e.* our earnings,) and had just calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth.

> "Alas! nor wife nor children more shall they behold,
> Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Without the slightest notice of its approach a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward,† being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant. Her crew and passenger were nine in number.

> "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell."

But perhaps Brock's words on this occasion will excite more interest than Byron's. "'Twas terrible to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, and others who could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk, and, on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her, but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest I again left her and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say; in such cases, sir, there is *no time;* but now I reflected that it was half-past 6 P. M. just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was *six miles distant*; that it was dead low water, and the flood tide *setting off the shore*, making to the southward; therefore should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me."

At this moment a rush horse-collar, covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid hold of, and getting his knife out he stripped it of the net-work, and, by putting his left arm through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trousers, which then fell off; his striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth were also similarly got rid of, but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt: he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming; and after a few moments thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming ahead of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moonbeams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him. Yes, he beheld the last of his brave crew die beside him; and now he was alone in the cold silent loneliness of night, more awful than the strife of the elements which had preceded. Perhaps at this time something might warn him that he too would soon be mingled with the dead,

> "With not one friend to animate and tell
> To others' ears that death became him well."

But if such thoughts did intrude, they were but for a moment; and again his mental energies, joined with his lion heart and bodily prowess, cast away all fear, and he reckoned the remotest possible chances of deliverance, applying the means,

> "Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice."

Up to this time Winterton Light had served, instead of a land-mark, to direct his course, but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead "a bright star stood over where" his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that "fear is but the betraying of the succors which reason offereth," and that which roused *him* to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him.‡ This, too, in its turn, passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled; the moon (nearly full) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy-laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorlestone on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross Sand Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, "took him rather a-back," as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt,§ off Yarmouth, and *opposite his own door*, but distant from the land *four miles.* And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seem almost superhuman: he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by; he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel *might come near* to pick him up; and the question was, could he yet hold out four miles? But, as he says, "I knew the night air would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon it, and then *altered* my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?" He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke; it did not run so strong; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, towards which, with the wind from the Eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the "rushing of a mighty wind," and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard

> "When the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry."

The fact was, a large grey gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil.

> "The Eagle soars alone, the Gull and Crow
> Flock o'er their carrion just as mortals do."

These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and, by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands), the breakers at this time shewing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed: the consequence of which was that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own description:—

"I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that, should this continue, it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you, I had driven over the sands into smooth water; *the wind and swell came again from the Eastward*, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the Southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the Northward: and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But here comes Brock again.—

"If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? and supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house? if not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and, summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore."

> "The seamen's cry was heard along the deep:"

he was answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half-past 1 A. M., having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig Betsy of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized. The captain's name was Christian.

Once safe on board, "Nature cried enough;" he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by Christian and his crew; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm, and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length with great difficulty enabled to get a little of the ale down his throat; but it caused excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from breathing (as a swimmer does) so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed; the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings were also equally excoriated. In this state at about 9 A.M., the brig getting under weigh with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of her crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, in five days from the time of the accident, with a firm step he walked back to Yarmouth, to confirm the wonderful rumors circulated respecting him, and to receive the congratulations of his friends and kindred. The knife, which he considers as the great means of his being saved, is preserved with great care, and in all probability will be shewn a century hence by the descendants of this man. It is a common horn-handled knife, having one blade about five inches long. A piece of silver is now riveted on and covers one side, on which is the following inscription, giving the names of the crew of the yawl when she upset:—"Brown, Emmerson, Smith, Bray, Budds, Fenn, Rushmere, Boult:—Brock, aided by this knife, was saved after being 7½ hours in the sea, 6th Oct., 1835."

"It was a curious thing, Sir," said Brock, as I was listening to his extraordinary narrative, "that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two days before it became so useful to me; and having to make some boat's tholes it was as sharp as a razor."

I know not what phrenologists might say to Brock's head, but I fancied, whilst studying his very handsome face and expression of countenance, that there I could see his heart: his bodily proportions, excepting height, are herculean, standing only 5 ft. 5 in. high; his weight, without any protuberance of body, is 14st.; his age at the time spoken of was 31: his manners are quiet, yet communicative: he tells his tale neither tainted by bombast, nor any claptrap to awaken the sympathies of those of the "Wrexhill School" that have flocked about him. In the honest manliness of his heart he thus addressed me just before parting:—"I always considered Emmerson a better swimmer than myself; but, poor fellow! he did not hold out long. I ought to be a good living chap, Sir, for three times have I been saved by swimming. What I did on this night, I know I could not have done of myself; I never asked for anything but it was given me."

One trait more, which *he* did *not* tell me, and I have done.—A very good subscription was made for the widows and children of Brock's unfortunate companions, and a fund being established for their relief, the surplus was offered to him. This was his answer:—"I am obliged to you, Gentlemen, but, thank God! I can still get my own living as well as ever, and I could not spend the money that was given to the fatherless and the widow."

In contemplating the feat of this extraordinary man, it must appear to every one that his bodily prowess, gigantic as it is, appears as dust in the balance compared with the powers of his mind. To think, and to judge rightly, under some of the most appalling circumstances that ever surrounded mortal man—to reject the delusive for the more arduous—to resolve and to execute—form such a combination of the best and rarest attributes of our nature, that where are we to look for them in the same man? This was the question that proposed itself to me as I took my departure from his cabin: and thus (to my own satisfaction) did I answer it. I have lived to see Nelson, Wellington, and Brock—of such a character it is written

> "Non ille pro caris amicis,
> Aut Patria timidus perire."—Hor.

For one day I had tasted enough of adventure. Nothing else could mix with Brock's story; but on the following morning, before I took leave of the town of Great Yarmouth, I amused myself in the church-yard (the only place of sepulture for above 20,000 inhabitants), finding out the memorials of those who had perished by the "battle and the breeze," the records of which in this great sea-port are here thickly scattered around. After perusing many of great interest, I came to one which either public or private spirit has hitherto preserved from the destroyer, the head-stone being firmly supported by oak and iron, and the inscription shewing that at no very distant date the hand of some "Old Mortality" has been busy with the lettering—a record that we trust may endure with the wooden walls of Old England! Hoping that all your readers may enjoy the same sort of feelings that I experienced on reading it, without further preface it is presented.

Sacred to the Memory of

DAVID BARTLEMAN,

Master of the brig "Alexander and Margaret," of North Shields, who on the 31st day of January, 1781, on the Norfolk coast, with only three 3-pounders and ten men and boys, nobly defended himself against a cutter carrying eighteen 4-pounders and upwards of 100 men, commanded by the notorious English pirate Fall, and fairly beat him off. Two hours afterwards the enemy came down upon him again when totally disabled. His mate, Daniel M'Auley, expiring with the loss of blood, and himself dangerously wounded, he was obliged to strike and ransom. He brought his shattered vessel into Yarmouth with more than the honors of a conqueror, and died here in consequence of his wounds on the 14th day of February following, in the 25th year of his age. To commemorate the gallantry of his son, the bravery of his faithful mate, and at the same time mark the infamy of a savage pirate, his afflicted father, Alexander Bartleman, has ordered this stone to be erected over his honorable grave.

> "'Twas great,
> The foe, though strong, was infamous,
> The foe of human kind.
> A manly indignation fired his breast,
> Thank God my son has done his duty."

The hoary-headed sexton, whilst I was enjoying this inscription, approached me: he remembered as a boy going with crowds to see Bartleman's vessel, which, as he said, was riddled to a mere wreck, pointed out the spot in the harbor where she was moored, and the house in which the hero expired. Amongst many severe wounds he had received, one in the foot proved fatal; a shot had struck part of his large shoe buckle into his foot, which gangrened and produced lock-jaw.

A Wanderer.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July.

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* The writer of this article once witnessed an extraordinary instance of this penny-wise-and-pound-foolishness when on board of a French steam-ship off Havre. A French West Indiaman in the mouth of the Seine stood in need of assistance: the steamer bore down and offered his help at a fair price: the commanders of each vessel chattered, spat, and swore: they parted for fifteen francs, and the Indiaman in a few hours was on shore.

† A very dangerous but common practice with boatmen, by which a sudden lulling of the wind, or coming under the stern of a big ship, has often capsized a boat.

‡ The Lieutenant of the Preventive Service was on duty on this part of the coast at the time Brock was upset and in the sea, and corroborates in every particular the great atmospheric changes that took place.

§ St. Nicholas Gatt, perhaps a corruption of Gate, the passage through the sands by which ships get into Yarmouth Roads. This will also explain why Layton is denominated a Great Pilot.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

SAMUEL CHIFNEY.

Although the subject of this sketch has virtually ceased to belong to the Turf as a professional rider, he is too intimately connected with all its details for the last quarter of a century not to claim a prominent place in these notices. While accident or a fortuitous aptness of weight led most of our eminent jockeys to adopt their calling, Chifney was in a manner born to the profession. His father was among the most celebrated of his day, and moreover had written a treatise upon the art, the first and only practical essay of the kind that has ever seen the light. To this I will allude more particularly as I proceed, because, in spite of the objections that have been made to it, there is much ingenuity and merit in the system which it recommends, and also because it was evidently the text-book from which his son studied, and by which his original style was formed.

The practice of riding to order, which we learn from the elder Chifney was strictly enforced in his time, acted as a complete obstruction to the development of talent. Brains were mere superfluities in a jockey's head: he was put up as so much weight, and as a piece of machinery by which, at certain places, a horse was to go faster or slower, according as it (the rider) might happen to be *set!* In the present day we retain the term, but its spirit consists in an intimation that the animal about to run is best on speed or bottom, how and where either is to be made use of, being left to the jockey to determine as his discretion may suggest and circumstances demand. Had our friend lived in those jog-trot times, it is probable he never would have risen to any share of the fame to which his peculiar system helped him. Indeed, it is not likely that he could have accommodated himself at all to the curb his genius must have worn. But let us see him in the saddle, into which he first was lifted to ride exercise for his late Majesty when Prince of Wales, at *eight guineas a year*, and by which he became the proprietor of a palace at Newmarket!

In riding, the method which he adopted appeared to apply to these two objects: viz. "how his weight might be the easiest carried, and in what manner the powers of the horse he rode might be best taxed to perform the distance in the least possible time." To promote the first, he was an advocate for the practice of altering the seat, from standing in the stirrups to sitting down upon your horse—illustrating the convenience of it thus. "carry a stone weight for five minutes in one hand, and then shift it to the other, and see how it will ease you." The latter it was generally believed he carried to the extreme, many contending that he threw away races frequently from having too much ground to make up at the finish, as in the Leger of 1830 with Priam, and other instances. This is a very difficult point to decide: no doubt it requires a consummate skill to enable a man so to contrast the powers of all the horses engaged in a race with that which he is riding, that he may be justified in lying much out of his ground. Many horses, again, cannot bear upsetting at the beginning of a race; give them time at first and they will run on—the farther the distance the better the pace. It is almost needless to offer examples of this, because they will offer themselves by the score to all who are conversant with the Turf. I cannot help, however, alluding to one that was a "confirmation strong." It occurred at Doncaster, when Memnon (S. Templeman) ran against Florismart, rode, I think, by Clift. At one part of the race (probably from orders) Templeman had a lead of at least a quarter of a mile, but he gradually compounded, at the end Florismart winning by a head. This might have been accident as regarded the winner, but Memnon had heen evidently overpaced, upset, in fact, at first. for when he came up to weigh he trailed his hind legs after him as if he had had a paralytic stroke.

There are, of course, many cases when it is the safest plan to make use of a horse from the post; but where it can be done, a jockey has many obvious advantages in lying behind his horses: he has the game played before him; every move upon the board is exposed; and he shapes his play accordingly. Those who remember the celebrated match between Priam and Lucetta—Chifney and Robinson—can bring before them a *tableau* of equestrian fencing such as has seldom been witnessed. Robinson led, Chifney lying right in his wake; if he tried a look over his left shoulder, to ascertain how his adversary was running, Sam was bent to the off-side, and clear of eye-shot: the race was run almost from end to end in this manner, nor do I think Robinson ever got sight of his cunning foe until he challenged and passed him.

We will now look at the rules for riding on the Turf, constructed by the elder Chifney: and in doing so, bear in mind that it was not the fashion of his day to bring out horses so early as at present. Two-year-old races were run, but not so commonly; nor were his rules intended to apply to such. It would be impossible to do anything with a young one over the T. Y. C. with a loose rein; you must hold him to make him run straight; of course, by a loose rein it is not to be supposed we mean an unrestrained freedom of head; it is used in contradistinction to "holding him together"—a term which, to be rightly interpreted, means making his pace on his mouth. Let him speak for himself:—

"It is usual when grooms or trainers are giving their orders to their riders for them to say, 'hold your horse fast in his running;' or when it is intended that a horse should make play, their directions generally are, 'to hold the horse fast by the head, and let him come, or come along with him.' But it is very much against a horse to hold him fast, or let him bear on his rein in running: it makes him run with his mouth more open, and pulls his head more in or up. This causes him at times to run with a fretting, jumping action, with his fore-legs more open. Sometimes it causes him to run stag-necked, which makes him point his fore legs (otherwise called going straight-legged); sometimes it makes a horse run with his head and neck more down, crowding and reaching against his rider. This reaching his neck against his rider pulls the horse's fore legs out further than the pace occasions. In all these attitudes his sinews are more worked and extended, he is at more exertion, his wind is more locked, and the reaching and pointing the fore legs make them dwell and tire.

"The first fine point in riding a race is to command your horse so that he run light on his mouth: it keeps him the better together, his legs are the more under him, his sinews are less extended, he has less exertion, and his wind is less locked. The horse running thus to order, his parts are more at ease, and he can run considerably faster when called upon than that one who has been running in fretting sprawling attitudes, with part of his rider's weight on his mouth. As he comes to his last extremity, the finish of the race, he is better forced and kept straight with manner, on a fine touch to his mouth. In this situation his mouth should be eased of the rein; if not, it stops him little or much. The phrase at Newmarket is, that you should pull your horse to ease him, but when he is in his greatest distress in running, he cannot bear that *visible* manner of pulling. He should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow: this should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and that you were afraid of breaking it."

Quaint as the manner of all this may appear, the matter of much of it is good, and upon it, beyond any doubt, his son founded his very remarkable style. The essence of it went to compose the *rush* with which so many of his wonderful victories were achieved. Conceive a horse brought through his race, till a hundred yards from home, with the gentleness and stilness recommended in that last sentence of the old jockey. Concentrating all his powers at the last instant, the rider throws himself as it were into his horse: he darts his body forward: the spur, the arm, all rapid as thought combine. The animal, electrified, springs away in wild, sudden affright, and the goal is gained ere the panic can daunt or enfeeble him. Now had he been nerved all through, held together, and braced as it were for the final struggle, the effect would of course have been diminished, the result very probably the reverse. I cannot avoid giving here, in corroboration of this theory, an anecdote perhaps little known, which exhibited the effect that may be produced by this equestrian galvanism in an extraordinary degree.

All racing men remember the Leger of 1822. It was well known that the condition of Theodore's feet was such as to prohibit all hope of his being able to do anything. He was in the hands of Mr. James Croft, who that year trained the first, second, third, and fourth in the race! viz, Theodore, Violet, Corinthian, and a grey colt belonging to the Duke of Leeds. Now on their route for Doncaster, these four were stopped and tried at Parlington, and woful enough was the exhibition which the son of Woful made, inasmuch as he was beaten in a couple of hundred yards. On arriving at Doncaster he grew worse: however, his feet were dressed, his corns put right, and he was brought out to start, Jackson, who rode him, actually shedding tears at being put upon such a brute. The odds were 100 to 1 against him. When they were got together, at the word "go," Jackson drew his horse's head to the near side, gathered him up, and in his despair stuck the spurs into him with all his might. Off went the lame one, with the voltaic battery to his ribs, stealing a march, and getting well in front. Up the hill Jackson took a pull, and then sailed away, reconnoitring the lot under his arm, as his practice was. Here he found Muta coming up, so he "squeezed his horse" (his own phrase), and found him reply. Muta now changed her leg, and John said he found she was safe. Violet made an effort at the finish, but Theodore, corns and all, was the victor. In this case tho effect of the spurring appeared to be to remove the pain, or rather the locality of the pain, temporarily, taking from a spot where it worked mischief, and planting it for the moment where no evil consequence attached to it. The horse was frightened sound for the nonce, just as it is known that a threatened shipwreck will scare away sea-sickness.

The purpose of these Sketches being to give the character by which the riding of our leading Jockeys is distinguished, these digressions will not be considered out of place. Whatever might have been Chifney's faults, his style had about it two most redeeming features—*novelty* and *boldness*. If sometimes you felt annoyed that one race seemed thrown away through carelessness, you forgave all for the peerless *coup-de-main* with which another was won out of the fire. If it may be permitted to contrast "*parva magnis*," Robinson's style is that of the Kemble school; Chifney's was that of Kean's; James is often striking, ever finished: Sam was frequently correct, always brilliant.

Though the present, in one sense of the word, may be called the *golden* age of the Turf, it was in Chifney's best days that it had its palmiest condition as the recreation of gentlemen. Or if its consequence must be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence, exceping those cosmopolites of speculation—the Derby, Oaks, and Leger—where shall we now find races to compare, in the magnitude of the sums involved in them, with the Ascot Oatlands of 1791, or the Newmarket Oatlands of 1792? The fame of Eclipse was so great, that latterly he could only be matched upon the condition of distancing his opponent. The late Duke of Bediord, it was understood, would not match a horse against one to be ridden by old Chifney without receiving an allowance of weight. If his son cannot boast of so unenviable a distinction, it is because he has iived when general merit was more common, and not that his individual excellence was less eminent.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

SIR ST. VINCENT COTTON, BARONET.

Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Baronet, of Landwade and Madingley, in the county of Cambridge, is the driver of the Brighton Age. He is seen seated on the "bench," with a cigar in his mouth as he appears every day on getting clear of the stones.

The Cottons of Landwade are no "soft goods" of recent manufacture; but have held a high rank among the gentry of Cambridgeshire since the reign of Edward I. Sir John Cotton, the first baronet of the family, was advanced to that honor in 1641, by Charles I., to whose cause he was firmly attached.

Sir St. Vincent Cotton, the present and sixth baronet, was born in 1801, and succeeded to the title on the decease of his father, Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, in 1812. Sir St. Vincent formerly held a commission in the 10th Hussars; and about twelve years ago he used to ride in the first flight with the crack men of Leicestershire, mounted on his famous mare Lark. The Honorable Baronet has however left both the army and the chase to devote himself exclusively to the public service on the "Road," where he performs the duties of a coachman very much to his own pleasure and to the great satisfaction of all her Majesty's lieges who travel by the Brighton Age: and we are of opinion that an English Baronet is much better employed in driving a coach than in endeavoring—like a certain mole-eyed wiseacre of the West, who also displays the red hand in his scutcheon—to saw off the branch which he is sitting on.

We believe that the late Mr. H. Stevenson, who drove the Age a few years ago, was one of the first gentlemen-whips who took a *bob* and returned a *bow*; i. e. if you popped a shilling into his hand at the end of a stage, he ducked his head and said "thank ye." The example thus set has been followed by the baronet, who receives a "hog" as courteously as his predecessor. When a noble marquis, now in the enjoyment of a hereditary dukedom, drove the Criterion and afterwards the Wonder, also on the Brighton road, he did not take "civility money," we believe, but did the thing for pure love.

By different means men strive for fame,
And seek to gain a Sporting name.
Some like to ride a steeple-chase;
Others at Melton go the pace,
Where honor chief on him awaits
Who best takes brooks, and rails, and gates,
Or tops the lofty "bull-finch" best,
Where man and horse may build a nest;
Who crams at everything his steed,—
And clears it too,—and keeps the lead.
Some on the "Turf" their pleasure take
Where knowing "Legs" oft bite "the Cake;"
Others the "Road" prefer; and, drest
Like "reglar" coachmen in their best,
Handle the ribbons and the whip,
And answer "All right!" with "Ya hip!"—
At steady pace off go the tits,
Elate the Sporting Dragon sits;—
No peer nor plebian in the land
With greater skill drives four-in-hand.

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

TORONTO ATHLETIC GAMES.

Patron to the games, his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Maj.-Gen. Sir George Arthur, K. C. H. Umpire, Col. Mackenzie Fraser, Quarter-Master-General.

STEWARDS.

The Hon. Mayor of the city
The Hon. Wm. Allan
The Hon. Sir Allan N. Macnab
Col. Cox, K. H. and P. S.
Col. Wingfield, 32d Regt.
C. A. Hagerman, Esq., Attorney-Gen.
Maj. Arthur, 93d Highlanders
Maj. Magrath, 1st I. D.
Capt. Sands, K. D. G.
Lieut. Domville, A. D. C.
C. C. Small, Clerk of the Crown
Peter Buchanan, Esq.
Archibald Macdonell, Esq.
McNab, of that Ilk
Hon. Mr. Justice McLean
The Sheriff of the H. D.
Col. Spark, 93d Highlanders
Col. Bullock, A. G. M.
W. H. Draper, Esq., Solicitor-Gen.
Maj. Reid, 32d Regt.
Capt. Markham, do.
Capt. Arthur, A. D. C.
Lieut. Marriott, Royal Artillery
George Munro, Esq.
T. D. Harris, Esq.
Charles W. Heath, Esq.

The sports will commence the 11th of Sept., beginning at 10 o'clock each day, precisely. Open to all.

Quoiting [22 yards]
Running and standing high leap
Putting light and heavy ball
Short Foot Races [120 yards]
Sack Races, [50 yards]
Steeple Race over hurdles, for a prize, the gift of the ladies.
Running and standing hop, step and leap
Throwing light and heavy hammer,
Wrestl'g, heavy & l'gt men, separate.
Long Foot Races [440 yards]
Short Foot Races for boys of 16 years of age and under.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—ARCHERY.

Free for subscribers of at least 10s. to the Games.

CRICKET.—BOWLING.

The principal prizes for the above are £5, or a piece of plate of that value, at the option of the victors. Several handsome Silver Medals, Blue Bonnets, and money.

Competitors intending to compete for the prize at Quoiting, mnst be entered at Mr. Harris' King Street, any time before 7 o'clock of the Tuesday evening before the Games.—The Quoiting to begin at 8 A.M.,—the last matches only to be played at 10 o'clock.

JOHN MAITLAND, Secretary.

EPSOM RACES.

"When Epsom races first commenced we have not been able with certainty to trace. Few writers who mention the district do more than simply state the fact that horse races are annually held at Epsom. The first information that we have of horse racing in this country is in the reign of Henry II.; there can be no doubt that Epsom Downs early became the spot upon which the lovers of racing indulged their fancy, and perhaps the known partiality of James I., for this diversion will justify us in ascribing their commencement to the period when he resided at the Palace of Nonsuch, near Ewell; and his reign may be fairly stated as the period when horse racing became a general and national amusement. They were then called bell courses, the prize being a silver bell, and the winner was said to bear or carry the bell. The first Arabian which had ever been known in England as such, was purchased by the royal jockey of a Mr. Markham, a merchant, at the price of £500. During the civil wars the amusements of the turf were partially suspended, but not forgotten, for we find that Mr. Place, stud-master to Cromwell, was proprietor of the famous horse White Turk, and several capital brood mares, one of which, a great favorite, he concealed in a vault during the search after Cromwell's effects at the time of the Restoration, from which circumstance she took the name of the "Coffin mare," and is designated as such in various pedigrees. King Charles II., soon after his restoration, re-established the races at Newmarket, which had been instituted by James I. He divided them into regular meetings, and substituted both there, and at other places, silver cups or bowls of the value of £100, for the royal gift of the ancient bells. William III., though not fond of the turf, paid much attention to the breed of horses for martial purposes, and in his reign some of the most celebrated stallions were imported. George, Prince of Denmark, obtained from his royal consort, Queen Anne, grants of royal plates for several places. In the latter end of the reign of George I., the change of the royal plates into purses of 100gs. took place. In the time of George II., there were many capital thorough-bred horses in England, the most celebrated of which were the famed Arabians, the Darley and the Godolphin—from the former descended Flying Childers. To continue a list of celebrated horses would exceed our limits, we shall therefore close with a brief account of the famous Eclipse. This horse was first the property of the Duke of Cumberland, and was foaled during the great eclipse in 1764; he was withheld from the course till he was five years old, and was tried at Epsom. He once ran four miles in eight minutes, carrying 12st., and with this weight he won eleven king's-plates. He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the tickling of a spur, nor was he ever for a moment distressed by the speed or rate of a competitor, out-footing, out-striding, and out-lasting every horse which started against him. When the races on Epsom Downs were first held periodically, we have not been able to trace with accuracy, but we find that from the year 1730, they have been annually held; for a long period, they were held twice in every year; it was then customary to commence at eleven o'clock, return into the town to dinner, and finish in the evening; but this arrangement has been long discontinued."

History of Epsom.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON.

The Lungs of London consist of several great divisions or lobes, embracing the west end of the town, and extending round to the northward, commencing, we may say, at the entrance to the Horse Guards, and extending through St. James's Park, the Green Park, Hyde Park, and Kensington Gardens, forming a continued thoroughfare of several miles, in a direct line towards the northwest. To the north, the Regent's Park extends from the upper end of that noble avenue, Portland Place, as far as the base of Primrose Hill, with a transverse diameter almost equal to its length, and containing within its circumference between five and six hundred acres of valuable land. This is the northern lobe of the Lungs of London. The eastern side of the city is lamentably destitute of breathing places for the pent up citizens, as is also the borough of Southwark. Lambeth is somewhat more open: its Bishop's Walk affording a pleasing view of the river, and an agreeable promenade of a too limited extent.

The several divisions of the great respiratory organs we have noticed are worth a distinct consideration; and, as we will understand them better by ocular demonstration, the curious reader will take his hat and stick. I will be his humble cicerone, and tell him all I know of the history of the Parks of our metropolis as we go along

Follow me, if you please, sir, through this little gate—take care of the steps—there are exactly six—now, give me your arm—this is the Birdcage Walk—that classic structure to our left, the military chapel—to the right you see Storey's Gate—immediately in the rear are "our chambers," and exactly in front, half hidden by its own umbrageous foliage, is the charming enclosure—sted this way—the charming enclosure of

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

When I enter this Park, my notions of government, let me tell you, become highly monarchical. I touch my hat to the memory of our kings who devised and confirmed to us these places of harmless recreation, and am more and more established in my contempt for your close-fisted, shabby, commercial republicans, who, if they got their greasy paws upon this place once again, would cut down the timber, (as they did before) steal the ducks, and sell the grounds by auction. Brother Jonathan, when he takes a stroll this way, forgets, for at least five minutes, to boast his "free and independent" citizenship, and begins to think that kings and queens, after all, are not quite so black as they are painted! For this Park and the pleasure it affords us we are indebted to our monarchs—let us enjoy their munificent gift and be thankful. Let us remember that the citizens have never planted a shrub for our recreation—that they have never set apart an acre of their corporation lands to give us, our wives, and our children, a mouthful of fresh air; let us never forget that they have shut up the noble Thames,

"Deep and yet clear—though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage—without o'erflowing, full;"

for the mere lucre of gain, although the sight of it, the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen know in their hearts, is light to a Londoner's eyes, and music to his ears. Let us never forget that the legislature treated Mr. Buckingham's bill for the establishment of public walks near great towns with almost silent contempt; and although they pass I know not how many enclosure bills every session, it was not without much unseemly debate that they were prevailed upon to grant for the recreation of the commoners, thus dispossessed without compensation of their immemorial inheritance, as much of the land to be enclosed as you could whip a cat in. Then again, as to private individuals, as little or less, if less were possible, is to be expected from them;—an attempt is fresh within our recollection of the lord of the manor of Hampstead to enclose the heath, which, owing to the vigilance of an honest independent member of Parliament, was crushed in the bud. Primrose Hill, too, was marked out for enclosure by some of the joint stock "sack-'em-up" companies, for the purpose of being converted into a second hand coffin manufactory, or something of that sort;—this scheme went to the right-about, and a man may still forget his cares and troubles, as well as bring home a week's stock of unbought health, from a morning or an evening stroll, to dear delightful rural Primrose Hill. No thanks, however, to Lord Mayors, Aldermen, or citizens, for this—no thanks to either House of Parliament—no thanks to lords of manors, who would enclose the sun of heaven himself, if they could let out his rays at so much a-year; such is the selfiah love of lucre—natural, I had almost said to man, in an artificial state of society like ours—at least a second nature, which makes his interest the grand ambition, his breeches pocket the temple of his worship, and the money within it his god!

If there were no more solid reason than that monarchs might be enabled to be munificent for maintaining the monarchy in splendor, with me, that reason only would be reason enough.

St. James's Park, sir—let us step aside into this shady walk if you please—was formerly part and parcel of the Abbey lands of St. Peter's, Westminster, and was resumed with others in the reign of King Henry VIII.

"His Majesty (Henry VIII.) also enclosed the Park, which was subservient to the amusement of this (St. James's Palace) and the neighboring palace of Whitehall. Charles II. was particularly fond of it, planted the avenues, made the canal and the aviary, adjacent to the Birdcage Walk, which took its name from the cages which were hung in the trees. 'Charles,' says Colley Cibber, in the apology for his life, 'was often seen here amidst crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, playing with his dogs, and passing his idle moments in affability, even to the meanest of his subjects, which made him to be admired by the common people, so fascinating in the great are the habits of condescension.'"*

In another account of the metropolis, ostensibly written originally in Arabic, by Ali Mahomet Hadji, physician to his Excellency Cossim Hojah, late envoy from the government of Tripoli to this court, but in reality supposed to be the production of Grub Street, we are entertained with the following:

"At the west end of this city, near to one of the royal houses (St. James's Palace). is a Park—being a large extent of ground, with walks set with trees around it, and a canal in the middle also edged with trees, where, in the hot seasons, his Excellency's servants frequently diverted themselves with seeing the ducks swim. Its great beauty consists in its being, as it were, the country in the city; for a late nobleman, who had a seat near it, and being a man of a *poetical* genius, had this *elegant* couplet or distich composed on a stone, and placed over his portal, viz.—

"'Tis my delight to be
In the town—and the countrie"

"This is the place where people go to get rid of the dust, confusion, and noise of the city, and where the ladies, in fine weather, display their ornaments and charms, as well as their signals for intriguing. There are seats placed at convenient distances for refreshing the wearied joints of reduced officers, disappointed courtiers, and broken tradesmen; and those, whose *fortunes* as well as their *linen* are generally reversed, sit promiscuously together, debating on the fate of princes and nations, as pertinently as though they were the immediate ministers and agents of all the powers in Europe, although, unhappy wretches, not one in nineteen of them knows where to procure a meal's meat. Yet, by their constant attendance on these seats, they are called Benchers of the Park, sitting with as much state and solemnity as those of the Inns of Court do at their halls in Commons!"

The anonymous author of *A Trip through the Town; or, a Humorous View of Men and Things*, gives the following amusing account of the Park of St. James's as it was:—

"For the benefit of this part of the metropolis, which includes the *beau monde*, the King has given liberty to all idle people to walk in St. James's Park. Here is the Mall, famous for being the rendezvous of the gay and gallant, who assemble here to see and be seen, to censure and be censured—the ladies to show their fine clothes, and the productions of the toilet—the men to show their toupees, observe all the beauties, and fix upon some favorite to toast that evening at the tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this place of general concourse, people often join into the company of those whom they either deride or hate; for company is not sought here for the sake of conversation, but persons couple together to get a little confidence, and embolden themselves against the general reflections of the place. They talk continually, no matter of what for they talk only to be taken notice of by those who pass by them; for which reason they raise their voices for those who know them, not to pass without a bow *en passant*. At this place ladies walk four or five miles in a morning, with all the alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable fatigue to journey from one end of their chamber to another.

"I have seen a beau stand reconnoitring the Mall, divided within himself in as many minds as a lady in a lace chamber, to think which set of company he shall annex himself to; and, to avoid the fatal consequences of making a false step, use as much caution as a prudent parent would do in the matrimonial disposition of a daughter. An escaping eye has often passed over a gentleman usher, when a groom of the bedchamber has been diligently pursued from one end of the Park to the other. A plain Irish lord shall be able to lead half a dozen laced coats up and down, like so many beagles in a string; and I have ere now seen him as much neglected as an honest poor family in distress, upon the sight of a riband, though 'tis surprising to think what an attractive quality every riband, according to its color, hath in this place.

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* Pennant's *London*.

"I once happened to fall into a file of very fine fellows in this place, and remember that, when we began our march, we reckoned one French suit, though something sullied, three pair of clock stockings, one suit of Paduasoy, two embroidered waistcoats, (one a little tarnished,) and two pair of velvet breeches. We made a most formidable show, carrying the whole breadth of the Mall, and sweeping all before us. We thought ourselves at least capable of acting on the defensive; but, by the time we had got opposite to Godolphin House, we were convinced of our error, for here a puppy, in a French suit, pulling out a most extravagantly rich snuff-box, no less than three deserted at once, and went over to the enemy. As one misfortune seldom comes alone, a modern gold-headed cane, in the hands of a gamester, deprived us of two more of our company; so that, all on a sudden, our corps was dwindled away, like the South Sea project, and began to look as thin as a House of Parliament on a thirtieth of January sermon, or as an independent company of foot!

"In this plight the remains of us stood staring upon each other as stupidly as the country people do when they go to view the royal apartments at Hampton Court, not knowing whether it was best to advance or retreat; fortunately for us, in this dilemma we enlisted one of the most beautiful sword-knots that ever came into the kingdom; we could perceive recruits coming to us from every quarter, and, in less than seven minutes, got ourselves into *statu quo*. Several revolutions of this kind happened to us in the space of about two hours, till at last I was left only with a little strutting fellow, who called himself secretary to a foreign mission, and him I got rid of by his fixing his eye upon a periwig that appeared to be made about a month later than mine was."

There exists now-a-days no parallel to this lively picture of the *beau monde* of a hundred years ago taking the air in St. James's Park—the fashionable world has receded westward; and, instead of promenading the Mall of St. James's Park, now exhibits itself in carriages and on horseback within the magic circle of the ride, and adown the long perspective of the once celebrated Rotten Row.

St. James's of late years has become bourgeois—it is now emphatically the park of the people.

To King William and Queen Mary the public is indebted for the privilege of entering this park by Spring Garden gate, as well as to several considerable improvements in the enclosure itself. But we will for the present suspend our historical inquiries, and, as we are here, take a look at St. James's Park as it is.

This seat, on the southern bank of the canal, nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the Park, affords one of the best points of view, embracing the whole extent of the enclosure, from the parade at one end to the esplanade at the other. How boldly and well the Horse Guards fill up the view to our right! There it stands—a plain, honest, erect, downright military structure, on parade, as straight and as stiff as one of its own sentinels on duty. It is not, certainly, a handsome building, but it has the look of being adapted to the business transacted within it; and if it does not please the eye, assuredly does not disgust it, like its gingerbread friend on the opposite side. Behind the Horse Guards we can just see the towering dome of St. Paul's—northward, the light and elegant spire of St. Martin's is visible over the Admiralty—and near it arises, in high contrast, the mustard-pot of the National Gallery—the pepper-boxes not being in this point of view visible. More to the westward, we have Carlton House Terrace, with the column erected to the memory of the late Duke of York—the dense foliage of the trees in the Mall shuts out the palace of St. James's, the residence of the Queen-Dowager, and the magnificent mansion of the Duke of Sutherland, from our view.

The vista to our left is terminated by Buckingham Palace, which was truly stigmatised by a Committee of the House of Commons as "contemptible in every point of view, and a standing disgrace to English architecture." It is lucky for the fame of the architect that this *thing* is beneath criticism—people shake their heads when they look at it, and turn away with silent contempt; the thing is so disgustingly brutal, that to waste words in abusing it, would be to abuse the very faculty of speech. And to think that the fellow who perpetrated this standing disgrace to English architecture died with his shoes off—who would be a petty larceny rogue, when a fellow like Nash escapes with impunity? In the first place, the *thing* is erected upon a *declining* site; it appears to be ashamed of itself, and seems to sneak down the off-side of the inclination on which it stands, as it would drown itself in the pond at the end of the Queen's Garden. In the second place, the *thing*, although covering a great deal of ground, is contemptibly diminutive in all its parts; and in the third place, all these diminutive parts and parcels of the great contemptible whole are frittered into still more insignificant littleness, by the profusion of ill-judged and unmeaning ornament plastered over it every where like gold leaf or gingerbread! A French architect in London, writing to his friend in Paris, gives an account of this concern, which would be sufficiently ludicrous if it were not unfortunately much too true. The letter opens as follows:—

"My dear sair,—I shall now give you an account of de Royale Palace, called here de Buck-and-ham Palace, which is building for de English King in de spirit of Jean Bull plum-pudding and roast-beef taste, for which de English are so famous. It is great curiosity. In de first place, de pillars of de palace are made to represent English vegitable, as de sparrow-grass, de leek and de onion; den de entablatures or friezes are vary mosh enriched with leg of mutton and de pork, with vat they call de garnish, all vary beautiful carved; den, on de impediment of de front, stand colossal figure of man-cook, with de large English toasting-fork in his hand, ready to put into de pot a vary large plum-pudding behind him, which is vary fine pudding, not de color of black Christmas pudding, because de architect say it would not look vell in summair time—it is vary plain pudding. Then de small windows of de kitchen on each side of de impediment at top story of de palace, have before them trophy of de kitchen, such as pot and de pan, and othare tings, which look well at de distance, only de poker and de tong are too big. On de wing of de palace, called de gizzard wing (de othare wing was cut off), stand the domestique servant, in neat dress, holding in de trays biscuit and tart and othare ting. The name of the architect is Mistaire Hash, de king's architect, who, I was informed, was roasted vary much. De English people seem vary much to like dis palace for de king, and do laugh vary much. Dere is to be in de front of de palace vary large kitchen range, made of white marble, vich I was told would contain von hundred of goose at von time. De palace, ven complete, will be called after von famous English dish, de Toad in de Hole!"

When will our English architects learn that the use of ornament is to break the uniformity of broad effects, and to relieve the cold dignity of grand conception? How many millions more must be sunk irrevocably in gingerbread palaces, before they will be taught, that although grandeur of architectural effect can subsist without ornament, ornament can never be admissible where there is not grandeur of architectural effect; that things diminutive in outline must be plainly filled up in the details; and that the five orders of architecture, carved on a cherry-stone, are seen to small advantage?

Let us, however, leave this disagreeable topic, and pursue our ramble through the Park.

The canal, you will observe, although somewhat diversified in outline, still retains, in shape, the memory of what it was, and is little more at present than a canal ornamented in some degree. From the esplanade facing the palace, looking down the whole length of the canal, is one of the best points of view in this Park, embracing the Horse Guards, the State Paper Office, Lady Dover's house. Behind these, the Banqueting House is partly visible; from hence, also, we have a favorable view of the grounds, which are not unpleasingly laid out, considering that the artist was the afore-mentioned royal architect, Mistaire Hash, or Nash, of gingerbread celebrity. The gardens are not badly designed, although the late capability, Brown, could have done them vastly better—this Park being precisely the field for his wondrous creative faculty. Passing in front of the so called Triumphal Arch, which seems intended to exhibit the dingy, dark, discolored palace in the rear to the greatest disadvantage, we have a view down the long umbrageous vista of the Mall: and here let us repose ourselves upon one of these seats—the resting places of the destitute in London. Upon these seats the unemployed artisan, the dismissed clerk, and the footman out of place, may be seen sleeping away the idle hours in forgetfulness of their misfortunes. Here the "swell cove out of luck," whose seedy habiliments exclude him from the penetralia of the enclosure, lounges languidly, cocking his worn out gossamer on one side his head with a jaunty air, and affectedly tapping his vamped up boot with a pinchbeck-headed cane; here supernumerary penny-a-liners take the air, until Providence sends, of his goodness, some more substantial beverage; here, disappointed magazine-writers retire to read again their rejected article, and to curse the stupid editor who would not see its merit; here, Steele contrived to extract the matter of many a future *Tattler*, from the contemplation of his fellows in misfortune; and here, too, poor amiable Goldsmith, when without a dinner or the means of procuring one, used to take a turn, and "mend his appetite by a walk in the Park."

That poor young fellow in the fustian shooting-jacket and leggins, asleep on the further extremity of our bench, is a countryman who came to London for work and cannot get it. His money is done, and it is more than probable he has not tasted food to-day; to-morrow he will go over into Westminster and enlist for a soldier. You see a poor girl on the opposite bench—one of that class as truly as pathetically called unfortunate—she is, you observe, in tatters, and the paint has been washed off her cheeks with tears. She is an unfortunate among unfortunates. Where is her professional swagger now?—where her inviting leer and flippant toss of the head?—where the tawdry finery purchased with the wages of her shame? The roseate hue of health has long faded from her cheek, and the expression of that once happy face is now the expression of rooted and inextricable sorrow. Perhaps her thoughts have turned to her country friends and her rural home—to that home, her desertion of which, it may be, has brought the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave—she is hungry, too; for I am long enough acquainted with this place to distinguish the physiognomy of hunger. What does she say?—half a penny roll has been her food since this time yesterday!

Gracious eternal God! could the seducers of female innocence come hither, and behold their triumph in a spectacle like this! would they not hide their guilty and guilt-creating heads from the lightning, and hear, in every thunder-peal, the judgment of an avenging God?

Humane and gentle reader, when you come this way, let the poor unfortunate have a shilling. The air will do you good, the exercise will do you good, and the *charity* will do you good. You will not, believe me, dine less heartily for having contributed a mite to the poor victim of profligacy, who, without your timely assistance, had not dined at all.

We are now on the parade: but there is nothing here save a parcel of lounging life-guardsmen, and a dozen or so of recruiting sergeants. The hour of guard mounting (ten o'clock in the morning) is long past, and "all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," has marched back peacefully to its barracks on the other side of the Park. In the absence of any thing better to occupy our attention, we will turn our backs upon the parade, the great gun, and the greater mortar, together with the lounging life-guardsmen and recruiting sergeants, and indulge ourselves with a look at the ducks.

Who would have supposed that DUCK ISLAND, over the way there, where you see that desolate looking heron perched upon one leg, was once a royal government, like the island of Barataria, whereof his Excellency Don Sancho Panza was whilome governor and commander-in-chief? Nay, now, don't laugh, for the thing is a fact, and very well attested. We are informed by the accurate Mr. Pennant, in his *Survey of London*, that "Duck Island was erected, in the time of King Charles II., into a government, and had a salary annexed to the office in favor of M. St. Evremond, who was the first, and perhaps the last governor.

Only think of a memorial on behalf of the widgeon addressed to his Excellency M. St. Evremond, Lord-lieutenant General and General Governor of Duck Island and its dependencies: or a paragraph in the London *Mercury*, to the effect that "his gracious Majesty Charles II., attended by the Right Honorable the Earl of Rochester, and Mr. Killigrew the joker, was graciously pleased to visit Duck Island, where his Majesty was received by his Excellency the Governor, with the customary honors, the swans being drawn up in review order for the inspection of his Majesty, and the ducks, teal, and widgeon firing a royal salute!"

We delight in ducks. There is one little fellow in particular—black and all black, with an orange eye, and a crest like that of the peewit growing out of his occiput—who is perfectly irresistible. And that poor, ragged, attenuated old lady, with her large small family of thirteen downy ducklings—why, that poor family would eat a quartern loaf to their own cheek, and never be a whit the fuller. Pray, Mrs. Duck, do you happen to be aware that there is now exhibiting in Pall Mall a steam young duck manufactory, where all you have to do, when you want poultry, is to drop an egg into the engine, and after a few turns of the fly-wheel, out comes a delicious duckling, ready for the spit, and to save trouble, stuffed beforehand with sage and onions!

We delight in ducks—young ducks especially, if associated, as young ducks should ever be, with the tenderest marrow peas, and stuffed scientifically;—but even while alive, your duck is a comical looking rascal. There is an expression in his half closed, wicked little eye, particularly when he winks, that stamps him a rum fellow; if he be not a humorist, then there is no tittle of truth in physiognomy.

Fond as we are of ducks, however, we are sorry to see them *here*, where their presence operates to the exclusion of human beings from the Park. We are in no very good humor when we observe the verdant-coated verderers of the Office of Woods and Forests, cutting away with ratans at poor little nursery girls and their helpless charges, who crowd round the gate of the inclosure; and all, forsooth, lest harm should arrive to the rum Duck Society's outlandish poultry! We tell the rum Duck Society, in plain terms, that the exclusion of one individual from a breath of the fresh air, or from an hour's repose on the green turf, is a greater public loss than if the necks were twisted off their whole exotic rookery! What business have a parcel of noblemen and gentlemen to convert a public place of recreation like this into an aquatic zoological garden, if, by so doing, the laws respecting admission become more stringent, and the public, or part and parcel thereof, are excluded? Why do not they, with their ducks and ducklings, geese and goslings, betake themselves to the society of their brother *naturals* in the Regent's Park?

We are sorry to observe, too, that there is much insolence displayed by the green men who keep the gates, towards decent poor people, who may be desirous of taking a mouthful of fresh air within the inclosure.

Do these fellows recollect that themselves and their masters, the grounds they are appointed to protect, and the green coats they wear, are bought, fed, maintained, and paid for by the taxation, direct and indirect, contributed from the sweat of the brow of that very poor fellow, among others, this moment repulsed from the gate—for no reason on earth that I can discover, save that, like myself, circumstances incline him to a preference of a four-and-ninepenny hat, or because, like myself, he may be disinclined to wear goat-skin on his fingers?

We venture to hint to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, what it is altogether unlikely persons of their class would ever discover by their own natural capacity, that although a man may walk under a four-and-ninepenny hat, he is not therefore necessarily a highwayman; or that, although he may not have goat-skin on his fingers, does it follow that he intends to insinuate his digits into the pockets of every body he may happen to meet? We should be sorry to see St. James's Park appropriated to the exclusive use of the gentility mongers.

The gentility mongers are already in possession of Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park; surely these are sufficient for the pedestrian and equitative wants of

> "The twice two thousand for whom earth was made."

And surely St. James's Park may be opened to every body, however humble, whose dress and deportment do not outrage public decency. We hope the Commissioners of Woods and Forests will have pity upon decent poor people, and that there may be no official prejudice against them because they are industrious, and the producers of our national wealth and tax-created splendor. It does our heart good, on the first Sunday in spring, to see the decent artisan, his respectable industrious wife, and two or three homely toddling little children, issue from the dusky alley in which they have toiled the tedious winter through, to inhale a mouthful of the Almighty's untaxed air, and to refresh their brick-confounded eyes with a bit of nature's unadulterated green. A Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be sure, would rather see the whole family in a gin-shop, for the sake of the revenue, and because the budget would be all the better for it; but, the Lord be praised, we are not a Chancellor of the Exchequer!

Another turn up the Mall, and at the angle formed by the southern and western sides of the inclosure of the Duke of Sutherland—a piece of ground large enough to spread her apron on, as Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, said of it—we find an entrance into the inclosure of

THE GREEN PARK.

Which we propose to circumambulate, strolling leisurely up the eastern acclivity, to the reservoir—thence descending the shady, and, but for the racket of the neighboring Piccadilly, retired walk down to where Rosamond's Pond was formerly situated, and where a number of umbrageous elms still encircle the spot; thence, ascending once again by the ranger's house, with its tastefully laid out enclosure, we emerge on the far-famed Constitution Hill, and pause awhile to look about us. This little park has its own peculiar beauties—lies well open to the south, and possesses, in a very limited space, an agreeable undulation of surface; from hence, we see the "Toad-in-the-Hole" to least disadvantage, and have a fine view of the low-lying St. James's Park; behind which rise, in lofty majesty, the twin towers of Westminster Abbey, giving dignity and elevation to the view. Over the Queen's Garden, of which we are permitted barely a glimpse, the Surrey hills are dimly visible above the conglomerated accumulation of habitations that make up the bulk of Pimlico.

"On the north-west side of the Queen's palace," says Lambert, "is the Queen's park, which extends from St. James's Palace, to Piccadilly; from the latter of which it is separated in some places by a wall, and by an iron railing in others. The ranger's lodge, at the top of the hill, fronting towards Piccadilly, with it's grounds and private gardens, forms a very picturesque object, and is seen to advantage from the ride on the south side of the Park towards Constitution Hill. This Park contributes greatly towards the pleasantness of the surrounding houses that are situated so as to command a view of it."

On a sunny summer's afternoon, the view from this spot is one of great animation—the royal standard floats lazily over the arch of Buckingham Palace, in front of which hundreds upon hundreds of well-dressed persons of both sexes are congregated, in patient expectation of her Majesty's return from her usual ride. Myriads are everywhere reclining on the green sward, while the privileged classes, having the *entrée* of St. James's Park, are careering in their carriages and on horseback towards the grand point of social attraction—the magic circle of fashion in Hyde Park.

The magnificent approach to London by Hyde Park Corner, is seen from this place to the greatest advantage—the triumphal arch on this side—the noble entrance to Hyde Park on that, with the colossal statue of Achilles seen through one of the arches—the long line of noble mansions in Piccadilly, terminated towards the Park by Apsley House. Crossing the road as soon as the almost uninterrupted succession of carriages entering the Park will permit us, we make our appearance on a Sunday afternoon in July—the height of the fashionable season—in

HYDE PARK.

"Hyde Park," says Lambert, "is a royal demesne, at the west extremity of the metropolis, extending between the great western road on the south side, and the road to Oxford on the north to Kensington. It is part of the ancient manor of Hida, which belonged to the monastery of St. Peter at Westminster, till, in the reign of King Henry VIII., it became the property of the crown. It was originally much larger than it is at present, having been reduced since the survey in 1662, when it contained 620 acres, by enclosing Kensington Gardens, and by grants of land between Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane, for building on. According to a survey taken in 1790, the present extent is three hundred and ninety-four acres, two rods, and thirty-eight perches.

"The scenery of this Park is very pleasing, and its natural beauties will be greatly heightened when the plantations made in it lately have reached maturity. The Serpentine River at the west end is a fine sheet of water, formed by Queen Caroline in the year 1730, by enclosing the head of the stream, which, taking its rise to the north-west of Bayswater, on the Uxbridge Road, passes through Kensington Gardens and this Park, and falls into the Thames near Ranelagh.

"On the north side of the Serpentine River, is a cluster of houses for the keepers and deputy-rangers of the Park, which, by being built on the edge of a grove of tall oaks, forms a pleasing and picturesque object in the landscape. The one nearest the river is built of timber and plaster, and is of considerable antiquity. It was known by the name of the Cake House in the beginning of the last century, and probably much earlier. In the garden belonging to this house is the building erected by the Home Secretary, as a receiving-house for such as are unfortunately drowned in the neighboring river.

"At the north-west corner of this park is a very beautiful enclosed eminence, called Buckden Hill, which, being only separated from Kensington Gardens by a ha-ha—seems to be only a part of it. On the declivity of this hill is a grove, in which are two chalybeate springs. There is a footpath across the road to Kensington Gardens.

"On the south side of the Park are very handsome barracks for the Royal Horse Guards. And on this side are two carriage-roads to Kensington, one of which is better known by the name of Rotten Row.

"These have become the resort of the fashionable world instead of the ring, and are much resorted to on Sundays.

"The open part of the Park was much resorted to till lately for the field-days and reviews of the horse and foot guards, as also for the volunteers, by which the sward of it was so much injured that it had become a dry sandy plain, with scarcely a vestige of verdure. At present, however, these exercises are forbidden, and the surface of the Park is sown with grass seeds, and covered with the mud from the bed of the Serpentine river, which will restore it to its pristine beauty."

This is truly a noble place—more extensive than the Green Park and the park of Jt. James's put together. It unites the gentle and varied diversity of surface of the one, with the umbrageous shade of the other. The trees, too, have dignity in their decay, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a park of some noble house in the olden time—a thing not to be manufactured in a hurry. What a mob of people in carriages and on horseback; and what an admiring congregation of envious pedestrians, who console themselves for the want of an equipage in finding fault with the equipages of others, and flattering themselves when they *do* have a turn-out, they will do the trick in a superior style! Dreadful thing that gentlemen and ladies with so much taste should be in so much want of money, and find their chief consolation in observing how very badly monied people lay their money out!

That fine-looking man on the black horse—him, I mean, in the coat of indescribable green—I say indescribable, for it is neither bottle-green, pea-green, apple-green, olive-green, grass-green, nor invisible green—who sits his horse sympathetically, as if he were part and parcel of the animal—is Count D'Orsay. Close at his heels you may observe a youth in a Chesterfield hat, with a gold chain wound twice round his neck, dipping into his waistcoat pocket, and coming out again. He joggles on his animal, and has an anxious expression of countenance, as if he were about to undergo some surgical operation, but which doubtless is derived from an apprehension that the waistband of his Sunday breeches is going to crack—that is Fitz-Wiggins, son to old Wiggins the retired cow-keeper of Canonbury Row, Islington. I know the fellow well. He is a gentility-monger; spends all his time and all his money in smelling after fashionable people; but, with all his exertions, the highest approach he ever made to genteel society was getting into the Garrick Club. He has a good horse, you see, and seems as much at home upon it as if he were mounted on one of his paternal cows. Alas, poor Wiggins!

There goes Count D'Orsay again. The more I look at him, the more I am surprised at the despotic authority that accomplished gentleman has long exercised in matters of dress. He is faultless, to be sure; I cannot say he is over-dressed, and it is equally clear that he is not under-dressed. Still there is something about him that does not fulfil my preconceived idea of the rig-out of a perfect gentleman. His coat-collar is too much detached, which gives to the upper part of his figure an air of singularity—of a pretension to unapproachable perfection—which, of all things, your English gentleman studies to avoid. The *pantaloon*, too, embracing the hoby round the sole, and hardly exhibiting the toe, however well calculated to throw out the symmetrical leg in bold relief, gives to the foot something of a slippered air. But it is in the accompaniments of his habit that the Count D'Orsay mainly excels. No man living has such exquisite taste in the details. What expression in that hat! What tone, harmony and keeping in that vest! What grace and elegance in the drapery of that stock! The Count is acknowledged to be, I had almost said, superhuman in stocks! Pray observe, if you please, sir, the style of the Count's spur. That spur, let me tell you, was designed by the Count himself. It was the admiration of every body, and the maker calculated on gaining a fortune by it. But would you believe it, as soon as one pair had been cast for the heels of the Count himself, he ordered the moulds, patterns, and drawings to be brought home to him; had them broken up before his face, and with his own hands committed the fragments to the flames!

You observe that unimpeachable pony-phæton, drawn by two cream-colored ponies—what simplicity—what taste—such inexpensive elegance you might say! Notwithstanding which, that phæton has not been turned out of Long Acre under two hundred and fifty guineas, and the ponies one hundred and fifty the pair—not a speck you may perceive of silver or brass on the harness—not an atom of gold-lace on the subdued and sober livery of the tiger—the equipage is not, you see, perched on wheels, or hung on a perch—it reclines, as it were taking its ease, and floats lightly and easily in perfect equilibrium. The turn-out is, without doubt, the most elegant in the ring—it attracts admiration by a studious endeavor to decline it, and belongs, I think, to the Earl of Harrington. To contrast with it, pray note that continental cab, driven by the man in a huge moustache—an attaché to the French embassy—did you ever—Long Acre would blush for such a concern: you see the body of the machine is painted an odious chocolate color, picked out with broad stripes of white, that give it the appearance of being bound round the edges with penny tape, a blazing armorial bearing on every side, such as you see on shabby hackney coaches—it is evidently ashamed of itself, too, for you observe it is making desperate effort to dive down head foremost between the shafts, to counteract which centripetal tendency is, without doubt, the proprietor's reason for mounting a tiger behind who, in loutishness and size, looks more like an unfledged elephant—regard the harness, too, all brass and no leather. Who is that fellow in military uniform, joggling behind the cab on a waggoner's black horse, with a *couteau de chasse*, and a cock's feather in his cocked hat?—a field-marshal, doubtless, of the grand army—no such thing, my dear sir, simply a footman in disguise. Mercy on us, assuredly our heads will be all cut off! Ridiculous as that turn-out appears in our country, and in our eyes, I can assure you that, on the Prado of Madrid, the Corso of Rome, or at the Parisian fete of Long Champs, this attaché and his descending cab would be considered machines of the very first fashion.

You see that slashing yellow chariot with the pair of dark bays—close in the rear of it you may observe a coach of a deep claret-color—a fine pair of bright bays under it, and the coachman and footmen in pepper and salt, with plain cockades—that is one of the royal carriages, and exactly the thing that a royal carriage ought to be—no cock's feathers, no lubberly footmen, no blazing armorial bearings—no gold, in short, upon our gingerbread. Close at the heels of the royal equipage may be seen three in a gig—such a gig, and such a three!—Fitz-Wiggins and the Frenchman are both thrown into the shade. Hilloa! who would have thought of seeing young Capillaire, the fashionable wig-trimmer's son of Bond-street—there he goes, however, at railway pace, on his half-guinea hack, making the best use he can of his ten-and-sixpence worth of equestrian exercitation. Now they are all at a dead lock—the triple line of wealth, fashion, and pretension has come to a regular stand-still—we will have time enough to walk half round the circle before they are able to get on again.

The stroll along the beach of that Cockney ocean, the Serpentine, is delightful—the carriage-way is carefully watered, and the heat of the summer's day tempered by a refreshing breeze from the river. There is, on the one side and the other, as George Robins would say, a never-ending panorama of moving scenery. Now are we opposite the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, and pause for a moment to admire the aptitude of the device carved in marble over the door—a cherub endeavoring to relight, with his breath, an extinguished lamp, with the touching and beautiful motto,

"Forsitan scintillula latet."

Let us turn up this little path, and make our way to the Chalybeate Springs,—I should rather say to the site of the Chalybeate Springs, for they are long since dried up, and, like benefits conferred, are forgotten. Here they were in this little glen, once the most beautiful and retired spot within the circumference of the Park, and would be so still if some military Goths—the Board of Ordnance, I suspect—had not desecrated it by the erection of a very ugly barrack—all barracks are ugly, but this particular barrack, being located in a sweet pretty place, is superlatively ugly—we wonder the Board of Ordnance has not a little more taste! A little further on, and we come to a couple of leafless old trees—nature's own ruins—ivy-mantled, and carefully defended from the rude assaults of idle men and boys by an iron paling—two venerable old cripples are they—what names they are known by I am sure I know not—but this I know, that I never look upon them without humming the old Scottish oldwarld, old folks' tune of "John Anderson my jo."

Now, the classic bridge over the Serpentine—a very neat fresh-water bridge as you would wish to see in a summer-day—attracts our architectural optics, and beneath its arches we catch on our picturesque retina small patches of the verdant green of Kensington Gardens, whither we are tending. We are assuredly in the country now? No such thing; for just at our nose is a powder-magazine, of an exploded order of architecture, that transports us back again to the piazza of Covent Garden. Heaven sends fields and groves, hills and dales, wood and water, and ever in the midst of these the devil sends one of his chosen architects; or, what is ten times worse, the Board of Ordnance send one of theirs, to dissolve the charm, and to load the lovely earth with ugliness not her own!

We are on the bridge of the Serpentine—over the key-stone of the centre arch; and without affectation—that is, without Cockney affectation—there are few points of view in the immediate vicinity of great cities more attractive than this. To the east lies the whole length of the Serpentine, and to the west extends the sweep of the same river as it bends towards Bayswater, where it enters the Park, with the gently swelling banks rising on either side. The view from the high grounds near Cumberland gate is also very fine, and the Queen's ride affords many pleasing prospects to the right and left. From this termination of this noble avenue we enter, by a foot gate,

Kensington Gardens,

Which consisted, originally, as we are told by Pennant, of only twenty-six acres. Queen Ann added thirty acres, which were laid out by her gardener, Mr. Wise; but the principal additions were made by the late Queen, who took in near three hundred acres out of Hyde Park, which were laid out by Bridgeman. They are now three and a half miles in circumference. The broad walk, which extends from the palace along the south side of the gardens, is in the spring a very fashionable promenade, especially on Sunday mornings. Kensington Gardens have been the subject of several poems, one especially by Tickell, of which we would here insert some extracts did space permit. The present extent of these gardens is somewhere about three hundred and thirty-six acres, with eight acres of water, occupying a circular pond to the west of the palace—an ugly edifice, as all our metropolitan edifices are—but unpretending enough; nor, unlike its precious colleague in St. James's Park, does it superadd impudence to vulgarity. At this season of the year Kensington Gardens look remarkably well; they have an air more park like, more secluded, than any of the other public walks of the metropolis, and afford a more unbroken shelter from the noonday heat. Here is a solitude, a seclusion, as complete as can be wished for in the immediate vicinity of a great city; the noise, confusion, and racket of the mighty Babylon close by, is lost in the distance, save when the booming Bell of St. Paul's is heard to thunder forth the fleeting hour. The trees here are more numerous, more lofty, and cast a greater breadth of shade than in the Parks; but then, regarded individually, they are comparatively insignificant. The grounds are skilfully laid out, partly in the Dutch, partly in the English taste, which combination of the artificial formal, with the more natural irregular style, when cleverly executed, forms the perfection of landscape-gardening. This union of grandeur and breadth of effect with a certain degree of natural arrangement has been very well hit off in these gardens—the long, unbroken, regular avenues of green sward, with the dense columnar masses of foliage between, have something majestic in their appearance; while the absence of statues, hermitages, marble temples, bronze sarcophagi, and spouting monsters, relieves the scene from that constrained and artificial appearance that attends the vast majority of parks laid out in this style.

Our continental brethren carry this adornment of their public walks to a ridiculous excess. One would imagine that such places were intended as retreats from the bustle of cities; but a stranger entering the gardens of the Tuileries, for example, so far from being solaced with the agreeable delusion of retirement, finds himself introduced into the society of marble gentlemen and ladies, dying gladiators, gold and silver fish, orange trees stuck in green gallipots, and tritons spewing water in his face at every angle; so that he begins to feel himself altogether out of his element, and half inclined to resign the privilege of the promenade to the courtly creations of the magic pencil of Watteau, with their laced pocket-holes, clouded canes, velvet embroidery, and ruffles of *Point d'Espagne*. In Kensington Gardens, on the contrary, the lounger is not obliged to be so much upon his good behavior; he can enjoy a stroll sufficiently retired for all reasonable purposes; and, if he does not object to good company, the broad walk affords good company in abundance—literary ladies with the last new novel—cooing turtles, squeezing the last drops of ambrosia out of the honey-moon—and faded old gentlemen, in sky-blue coats, virgin waistcoats, Isabella-colored "smalls," and black gaiters, who emerge from their neat suburban villas of Kensington, Gore, and Bayswater, to take the air, and sigh for the brocaded petticoats, high-heeled shoes, hoops, and powdered toupees of half a century ago.

The view from the centre of this broad walk, exactly in front of the Palace, is one of the finest afforded anywhere in the vicinity of the metropolis. The trees, drawn up in close column, like a rifle brigade of his Majesty the Emperor of Brobdignag—the vistas between extending far away into the shady distance—the verdure of the sward, which is here more luxuriant and unbroken than in the Parks—the air of quiet and seclusion that is breathed over the scene, make it altogether superior to anything the vicinity of towns can afford to the eye wearied with a universe of brick and mortar.

In the fashionable season, when the military bands assemble here for practice, which they usually do on every Tuesday and Friday, from four to six in the afternoon, near the bridge of the Serpentine, the concourse of fashionable people is immense, and the scene altogether of great animation. But it is time to proceed to the only remaining lobe of the Lungs of London: therefore, leaving Kensington Gardens by the Bayswater Gate, we make our way through a neighborhood that has sprung up, like a mushroom, in one night—by the way, where or when, does anybody think, will London stop?—we skirt the Great Western Railway station, enter Paddington, so to St. John's Wood, and find ourselves passing through Hanover Gate to the outer circle of

The Regent's Park.

This estate of the Crown was formerly the outer park attached to the royal mansion of Henry VIII. at Marylebone, which was taken down in the year 1790. It consists of 543 acres, and was granted by three Crown leases, the family of Hinds being possessed of 9-24 parts of the property for a term of years, which expired January 24th, 1806; the other 15 24ths being possessed by the Duke of Portland for a term of years, expiring January 24th, 1811.

Soon after this, the then Commissioners of Woods and Forests contemplated improvements of a more extensive kind than had originally been thought of—the long-cherished design of the Crown being to convert the Marylebone estate in a military farm, of which we find the following notice in an early number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

"The intended Military Park at Welling's farm, Marylebone, is nearly laid out. Two grand barracks are to be erected, one on each wing, spacious enough for the reception of 3000 men; the whole is to be enclosed with a belt of forest trees, a considerable part of which is already planted, and on the outside of which will be a circular drive, open to the public, to an extent of four miles."

This barbarous notion of covering a lovely tract of land with barracks, and converting it into a grand parade-ground, was long after altogether abandoned; and in 1811, when the Duke of Portland's lease had expired, several eminent architects were invited by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to survey the Crown lands of Marylebone Park, and, after considering the several documents communicated to them, to report upon the most advantageous and eligible method of letting the property, "always having in view the beauty of the metropolis, and the health and convenience of the public."

In pursuance of these instructions, surveys were made, and plans submitted by Mr. White, Messrs. Leverton and Chawner, and by that architectural nuisance, Mr. John Nash, whose plans had the sole merit of being the plans of the Surveyor to the Office of Woods and Forests, and for that sole reason were, of course, preferred, and the plan carried into execution, with slight alterations, as it now appears. Space will not permit ~~us to~~ give a detailed description of the beauties of the Regent's Park; we must, therefore, be content with a slight sketch, or general survey, leaving the tasteful perambulator to detect the minuter excellences for himself. Although the newest of the Parks, this, even in its present immature state, is the most beautiful of any, and will become more and more so every succeeding year. It might with propriety be called the Park of Reunion, combining, as it does, all the excellences of all the public walks of the metropolis—extent—variety of prospect and of scenery—noble walks, of imposing breadth and longitudinal extent—a surface gently and pleasingly undulated—ornamental water—villas, encircled each by its little paradise of pleasure-ground—and, for its years, a very considerable quantity of shade.

The most beautiful portion of the Park is, as might be expected, that portion to the north, which is hardly interfered with by the hand of art, and where the natural disposition of the ground has scope to show itself;—whereas, wherever the hand of Mr. John Nash is manifest, beauty is at once exchanged for artificial littleness, as in his greater and his lesser circuses, his ornamental bridges over puddles four feet wide, his Swiss cottages, and his terraces crowned with cupolas, that convey to the mind of the spectator the idea of a grotesque giant in his dressing-gown and night-cap. By far the most extensive and varied view within the limits of this delightful retreat, is that from the rising ground immediately above the master's lodge of St. Catharine's Hospital, embracing to the northward the gentle rise of Primrose Hill, behind it, the thickly wooded Hampstead, and its sister hill—close to your feet, the Babel of inarticulate sounds that greets your ears, indicates that modern Ark of Noah—the Zoological Gardens.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

In 1771 a Mr. Cowan, after graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, came over to London, and entered a student of the Inner Temple. He was the eldest son of a respectable family in Donegal, and soon found himself at home in the metropolis among old friends, college chums, and Irish cousins. One of these, a Mr. Knox, was at this time residing at Ely Place, Holborn, and at his fireside the young student soon became a constant visitor, induced, as he said, by its near proximity to the Inns of Court; but as his friends suspected, by the attractions of the "daughter of the house," then in the full bloom of sweet seventeen. There can be no doubt that these suspicions were true, yet Mr. Cowan resolutely refused to own the soft impeachment; he knew that the "*res angusta domi*" forbade the banns, and abstained with professional prudence from any declaration of attachment.

Time wore on, term followed term in regular succession. The poring students dined in the hall, read in the library, and sat in the courts, even as at this day; while the dashing templar drank champagne with the wits, haunted the theatres, or played critic at Wills's in the style of days gone by. But a lawyer in love is a nondescript sort of animal; he neither enlists in the Coke on Littleton corps, nor in the chivalry of the temple; and accordingly we find no memorials of our hero's career at this period, except a huge common-place book, filled with "ballads penned to his mistress' eyebrow."

What would have been the issue of these "love passages" is hard to say, had not a circumstance occurred more effective than a ream of rhymes. On the last day of August, 1772, Mr. C. was strolling down Ludgate Hill, in company with a college acquaintance, universally known as Jack Parkinson—a real Milesian, with heels as light as a feather, a heart as light as a bird, and a purse, for the lightness of which, Jack used to say, nature afforded no parallel. They stopped opposite a lottery-office, and after looking at the bills for some time, "Jack," said his friend suddenly, "I shall buy one of those tickets."

"I'll go halves," was Jack's friendly offer, which, however, Mr. C. declined for a reason he had, preferring on this occasion to be *solus cum solo*, at all times the safest sort of partnership.

"Don't choose that number, man," remonstrated Jack, "it isn't lucky."

"Pooh, pooh," replied his friend, "one number is as good as another; so come along."

"You're a nice boy to put in the lottery, I'm thinking," grumbled Jack; "you may bid good-by to your sixteen pound any way, for the devil a prize will that bit o' paper bring ye—a dirty, ill-looking, blue-printed scrap of an old play-bill, that would be dear at nothing, and a glass of whisky to boot." And so he went on, stringing one extravagance upon another, until at length he actually persuaded his companion to go back and change the ticket for No. 345, which Jack declared was a decent-looking article, and sure to win.

The long vacation had passed away, and Michaelmas term was far advanced, when Mr. Cowan, soon after his return from dining in the hall to his rooms in Warwick Court, Gray's Inn, was startled by a thundering knock at the door, and in rushed Jack Parkinson, flourishing a paper in one hand, and his oak stick in the other.

"My dear fellow," he said, quite breathless, "I've been the ruin of you—I've slaughtered you entirely. O, I wish my tongue was blistered when I bid ye change the ticket. See here, see here, it's drawn a thousand pounds this blessed day;" and throwing down the fatal list, Jack sank into a chair in utter dejection. It was too true; the dirty scrap of a play-bill had been drawn a prize, and the young lawyer felt his disappointment bitterly. It would have been a step towards Marian's hand, a considerable addition to his scanty store, and to have lost it all through a mere whim, a ridiculous fancy!—for a moment he wished Jack Parkinson at the Antipodes. But that unlucky Mentor blamed himself so heartily, and was so inconsolable for the misfortune he had innocently caused, that his old chum forgot his own vexation in soothing that of his friend; nor was it without innumerable assurances of unabated friendship, and a considerable expenditure of brandy punch, that Jack's spirits were brought up to their usual standard.

When he had gone, and Mr. Cowan was left alone, his reflections were gloomy and dispiriting. A loss from imprudence is less galling than one from ill-fortune; the former has a visible cause, we can explain its origin, and avoid its recurrence, but the latter implies the enmity of an unknown power, alike above our comprehension or control. Haunted by thoughts like these, the poor student lay counting the midnight hours by the toll of St. Paul's, or the watchman's monotonous cry, until at length the sounds faded on his ear, and deep sleep came upon him.

"Blessings on the man that first invented sleep," says honest Sancho; "it covers one all over like a blanket;" its physical relief to the weary the squire could fully appreciate, but "gross of intellect, suspicion none conceived" of a subtler and more spiritual influence. The mind is a liquid ether, filled with ideas of different specific gravity; cares and troubles, though the heavier, are kept uppermost by the stir and current of waking life; but when all is hushed in slumber, the disturbing causes cease to operate, and lightly uprise the gentle thoughts, the bright imaginings, concealed by the troubling of the waters. Scarcely had our hero fallen asleep when this change came over him; the phantoms of his brain disappeared, the darkness cleared away; beautiful forms flitted by, soft music floated on the breeze, and all around was a garden of delight, cushioned with flowers, and plumed with glittering trees. Purpled-winged birds sang hovering in the air; fountains sparkled in their rise, and tinkled in their musical fall; while soft, and warm, and bright o'er bird, tree, fount, and flower, lay the sunset glow of a summer eve. He stood on a mossy tuft beside a grotto of gems, radiant with changeable hues of a glossy green; in its centre was a veiled nymph, bending over a triton's shell:—she drew a packet from the spiral folds,—she called his name—he started—her veil fell and disclosed the face of Marian—he rushed forward, when an unseen hand dashed him senseless to the ground, and on recovering from the shock he found himself lying on the Kidderminster carpet, with a most disagreeable pain in the head, and a strong suspicion that he had been dreaming for the last half hour, the locality bearing a striking resemblance to his rooms in Warwick Court, Gray's Inn.

Although the young lawyer was in reality much excited by his dream, he took his place on the following day in the student's box as usual, and facied he was attending vigorously to an interesting argument about stopping up a lane somewhere in Lincolnshire. His note-book, however, contains only the name of the case, with sketches of grottos and female heads in profile, all of which exhibit a strong family likeness. At length the court rose, and Mr. Cowan, after methodically buttoning up his great coat, and twisting his comfortable, set off from Westminster with true professional gravity. It was four o'clock; a fog was gathering, which the miserable oil lamps of those days only rendered more dismal; the shops in the Strand had a dull, smoky air, the passers-by looked cross and unhappy; nothing could be less inviting for a walk, but his dream still haunted the sleeper's memory, and he held on his way up Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. It was the second day of drawing, and there was a crowd round the lottery-office, where a huge placard announced in sesquipedalian characters, "Just Drawn—Great Prize—£20,000!!!"

"What number is it?" said Mr. C. to his predecessor in the crowd.

"Three hundred and forty something," replied the man, "as well as I can make out."

To push his way into the office was the work of an instant.

"What is the number of the prize?" he inquired in great excitement.

"Three hundred and forty-five, sir," replied the agent; "sold by us, sir—undrawn tickets still on sale, sir, and another £20,000 in the wheel."

It might be a mistake; the head quarters were at Cornhill, and he hastened to make the same inquiry there. To his great delight the news was confirmed—"No. 345—£20,000—paid in three months, or immediately, minus discount." There was no room for doubt, and he posted back to Warwick Court in a perfect fever.

We have ascertained from the daughter of an ancient laundress who attended his chambers, that her mother found his door locked on this eventful evening, and was kept waiting a full hour, during which she heard him walking up and down, talking to himself, and spouting poetry. His pocket-book, however, of the same date, far from containing verses, is entirely covered with figures and calculations, "Rent, £70—taxes, £14—servants' wages, £30," &c.; as to the meaning of which we are unable to offer a conjecture. At length the door was unlocked, and Mr. Cowan made his exit, buttoned up in his brown great coat, and looking, as the laundress said, "uncommon tidy."

Ely Place, Holborn, is at this day the same quiet sedate row of houses that it was sixty years ago; the dead wall at the end, the iron gates at the top, and the blue beadle, all appear unchanged. Mr. Knox was then living at No. 32, and on this particular evening was busily engaged in his study with some accounts of the colony of East Florida, for which he was agent. Mrs Knox had put on her hood, and crossed the street to sit for an hour with an opposite neighbor, and Miss Knox was alone in the drawing-room, very comfortably leaning back in an easy chair, with her foot on the fender, reading a volume of the "Spectator." Her portrait is still in the family; it represents a lovely face, with a soft and gentle expression, the hair drawn off the forehead, and falling in long rolls on either side, the eyes dark grey, and the complexion of transparent fairness, if we may judge by the cold blue tint with which the artist has chosen to imitate it.

A double knock at the hall-door made her spring up hastily, push back the chair, and settle her hair in the mirror. In a few minutes Tim made his appearance, announcing our hero, who entered with a flushed cheek and unsteady manner, very different from his usual sober demeanor.

"He has had a glass too much," muttered Tim with a wink, as he closed the drawing-room door.

"He has something particular to say to me," thought Marian, not a little fluttered by the expectation.

She was not kept long in suspense. After a melancholy attempt at general conversation, the young lawyer opened his case by expressing an apprehension that he had broken too often on Mr. Knox's family circle; and on Marian's assurances to the contrary, he continued—"Have you never imagined, Miss Knox, that I had a particular motive for coming here?"

Marian began something about her father's high opinion, the family connection, and so on, trying to look innocently in his face as she said it; but it would not do, her eyes dropped before his, she began to blush violently, and the unfortunate sentence never came to a conclusion.

"Ah, Marian," said the lover, "why will you pretend to mistake me? It is your high opinion—your gentle love I have tried to win; you know I love you, and I hope you will not say my attachment is unwelcome and unreturned?"

"It is so—sudden," murmured she; "you never said——"

"No," replied our hero; "no, I never did say so before; and why? because I was poor. I had no answer to give to your parents' natural inquiries—I could not point to a happy home for their child. You would have thought little of this, but they would have thought a great deal; I knew they would have banished me at once, and rather than be shut out altogether, I concealed my feelings from them at least, if not from you, in the faint hope that something might happen in our favor. It has happened—within the last four hours I have become a rich man."

"Never," proceeds our hero's journal at this part, "never shall I forget those eyes—the love, the beautiful surprise that lighted them. I drew her to my side; her soft hair touched my lips as I poured into her willing ear the thousand varied fancies so long pent up in my heart. Struggles of the past, plans for the future, visions of hope and joy were there; but I have forgotten all—the dream is gone from me, and I only retain a confused impression of vivid and overflowing happiness, which even now fills my eyes with 'pleasant tears.'"

We shall not dilate on the marriage, which soon followed, nor describe how charmingly Marian looked in her bridal dress, how the happy pair set off for Bath to spend the honeymoon, and how both the bridesmaids laid heavy complaints against Jack Parkinson. Neither shall we enumerate Mr. Cowan's liberal use of the gifts of fortune, the donative to the poor of Lifford, the dowries to his sisters, and the acknowledgment of his father's care.

On their return from Ireland, the young couple fixed their residence in the village of Charlton, near Greenwich, close by the old manor-house of Sir Thomas Wilson. Here they passed a simple and happy life, the paradise of a lover's dreams. They rode in the fresh summer morning over Blackheath down to Eltham Vale, they wandered in the cool of the evening under Sir Thomas Wilson's elm-trees, or lingered to watch the shipping in the river from the corner of Charlton Churchyard. The hours "scarcely seemed to stray," so smoothly they glided by; it was too happy an existence to afford materials for narrative, and we shall only extract from the young husband's journal a copy of verses which appear, from the subject, to have been written about this time.

JUST MARRIED. A PICTURE.

She stands down-looking on the sparkling tide
  Of the bright river, half in bashful fear,
Half bounding joy to find herself a bride;
  Her blue eyes glistening with an infant tear,
      Her lips apart,
Her color raised—and you may almost hear
      Her beating heart.

He sits beside the river's bank; his eyes
  Upturned to her sweet face, with looks so full
Of admiration, as if Earth supplies
  To him no object half so beautiful:
      One ringlet fair
Has left its sister curls, and nestling lies
      In his dark hair.

It is the twilight of a summer eve;
  A crimson flush just tips the western trees,
As though the lingering sun-beams sighed to leave
  That loving couple fair, sweetening the breeze
      With honey words,
'Mid flowers and rippling streams, low-humming bees,
      And singing birds.

So far we have dwelt with pleasure on our hero's success in the pursuit of fortune and happiness; but from this time the poetry of his life disappears, and we shall hasten to its closing scene. In 1775, he was induced to become a candidate for the county of Donegal, though with very slender prospects of success; and the result was, that he lost both the election and a considerable sum of money, besides incurring no little ridicule for the attempt. But a heavier calamity followed; in June, 1778, Marian died, and was buried in that very churchyard where she had so often wandered in "pride of youth and beauty's bloom." There is no epitaph on her tomb; a shield surmounted by a hand and heart, sculptured on a pyramid of grey stone, to the right of the narrow pathway, is all that remains to recall the beautiful Marian.

To the bereaved husband Charlton was no longer an Eden; he gave up his house, and removed with his infant son to Nash Gate, Richmond. The spell was broken; he was thrown back into the "roll of common men;" he bought and sold, held shares in Indiamen, turned underwriter, and kept a ledger; in short, he became a mere man of business; and we should no longer feel an interest in his story, except from the romance of his past life and the singularity of his final destiny.

Early on the 14th of August, 1790, two gentlemen were walking over the Downs, above the little fishing village of Broadstairs, now promoted to the dignity of a watering-place. It was beautiful harvest weather—a bright sun and a cloudless sky; the dew was still sparkling on the short turf and furze bushes, while a light breeze from the west gave freshness to the morning air, and life to the glittering sea below. "Capital day for our sail, M'Causland," remarked one of the pedestrians, as they made their way down to the shore.

"O elegant!" replied his comrade, "we might cross to Holland in Simpson's boat, and never wet a thread."

Simpson, however, was not of the same way of thinking; he spoke doubtfully of the weather, and proposed a trip towards Deal, instead of round the Foreland. An old weather-beaten tar, on being appealed to, twisted his quid and slewed his eye round knowingly before giving it as his opinion that the wind had shifted a point to south'ard since morning, and it was like enough to blow a gale from sou'west afore sundown.

"Cowan, my good fellow, d'ye hear that?" said M'Causland.

"Faith and honor! I don't know but we may as well go Deal way, at any rate."

"Nonsense, man," replied his friend, drawing him aside, "they think the wind is shifting to the south, and want to save themselves the trouble of beating up against it; no, no, we will round the Foreland."

The two friends stepped astern, the men followed, and in a few minutes the fishing boat shot away from the rocky coast, and danced gaily over a short cockling sea. The old sailor watched it for a while, then thrust his hand into his pea-jacket, and turned away with an ominous shake of the head.

Nothing is more singular than the rapidity with which a storm will sometimes gather, even in our temperate latitudes. The sun-light grows pale and sickly—clouds are suddenly formed, we know not how—the wind blows fitfully—by degrees a black scowl settles on everything—there are a few drops of rain, then a fierce squall, and then—down comes the torrent, with its flashes of lightning and peals of thunder.

"Tis pleasant by the cheerful hearth to hear
Of tempests and the danger of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo Terror to delight us."

But the tempest brings no pleasure to the fisherman's wife or child. Many on this eventful day were the anxious hearts that watched for the return of those near and dear to them, and many did return safe to the sheltering harbor, but Simpson was not among them. Others, after suffering the tortures of apprehension for days, were relieved by hearing of their friends' safety in some port along the coast; but no such tidings reached Simpson's family. Weeks passed away, in the same dreary suspense, and at length even the fisherman's widow was convinced of her husband's death. Whether the unfortunate men were sunk at once by the storm, or driven on the rocks and dashed to pieces, or blown out to sea and starved, is beyond even conjecture; not a fragment of the boat, not a shred of her sails, was ever discovered, and of her doomed crew not one was ever heard of more.

London Metropolitan.

LEVIATHAN.

The **Country Subscribers** of the "**Spirit of the Times**" will be presented ON SATURDAY NEXT, with a large and superb PORTRAIT of this distinguished Imported Horse, engraved expressly for this paper, by Mr. **Dick**, on Steel Plate, from an original painting in oil, by **Troye**. The Portrait will be accompanied with a **Memoir**, detailing his Pedigree and Performances, and a review of the Winners of his get. We are assured by those who have seen it, that this Portrait of **Leviathan** is the most beautiful and highly finished line engraving of a "High Mettled Racer" which has ever been published in this country. The likeness is considered perfect; the original picture was painted for Mr. **Jackson**, the owner of Leviathan, who esteems it one of **Troye**'s happiest efforts, and Mr. **Dick** has been unusually successful in preserving in his engraving, all the spirit and grace which characterize the painting.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

More Imported Stock.—The packet ship "Columbus," which arrived here on Monday last from Liverpool, brought over two thorough-breds for Mr. **Robert L. Stevens**, of this city, being the produce of his mare *Polly Hopkins*, who still remains in England. One of the two importations is a two year old colt by Plenipotentiary, and the other a yearling by Emilius. The Plenipo is a fine bay colt, with black mane and tail, and no white mark about him, save a blaze in the face. The yearling is a chesnut, with a star and snip, and no other white mark. They came over in fine roomy stalls, not cramped up in a narrow stuffed box, such as is in common use for horses on ship board. Were anything requisite to show the superiority of giving horses this extra room, the condition of these two colts, after a voyage of forty-three days, would be amply sufficient. They are in the finest possible general condition, though in the severe gale on Friday, the 30th ult., they received each a trifling injury, from which no serious inconvenience can result.

It was interesting to see the fine fellows removed from the vessel; on Wednesday morning last they were hoisted over the ship's sides in a stout wooden box made for this purpose in Liverpool for the use of Mr. **Boardman**'s horses. They were as timid as fawns about entering the box, in which they were securely lashed, and upon commencing to hoist them out, made a slight struggle, but the moment they found how useless was any effort, they stood passive, gazing about fearfully and imploringly, and apparently wondering by what new form of locomotion they were now moving.

Upon reaching terra firma, the young gentlemen pranced gaily and wildly, but were as groggy on their legs as an old "salt" just in from China. When they become naturalized we shall pay our respects to them, and give a more particular description of their points. The Plenipo, a strong, heavy-bodied horse, has one peculiarity which strikes you at the first glance, and gives him a brilliant aspect. The white portion of the eye encroaches so far upon the pupil on all sides, that the colt seems to glare with an unnatural fierceness upon you. The eye is very beautiful, and this little oddity lends it additional intelligence. This colt is the first of the get of Plenipo yet brought out to America—indeed, he is the oldest of that horse's get. There are but two others in the country; Col. **Hampton**'s *Delphine* produced one, and Mr. L. J. **Polk**'s *Jenny Mills* another since their importation.

In the same vessel with the colts came out two fine cattle—a cow for a gentleman whose name we did not learn, and a heifer for Capt. **Stockton**.

Death of Terrific.—We regret to learn from Alabama of the death of Mr. **Stevens**' fine colt, *Terrific*, by Gohanna out of Black Maria. He was interred under the Jockey Club Stand of the Henry Course, at Greensborough.

John G. and **Edward Shegog**, of Columbia, Tenn., have bought from Mr. J. **Robinson**, of Nashville, the following blood stock, viz.:

No. 1. Chesnut mare *Zara*, by Old Oscar, dam by Truxton, for $1000.
2. Ch. c. *Bill Edwards* (suckling), by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zara.
3. Ch. f. *Sally Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zara, 3 yrs. old, for $1200.
4. Ch. f. *Clarissa Walker*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Zara, 2 yrs. old, for $800.

George Polk, Esq., of North Carolina, has bought of L. J. **Polk**, Esq., of Columbia, Tenn., the following blood stock:—

No. 1. Imp. ch. f. *Varacellata*, by The Colonel, out of Ariel, yearling, for $1000.
2. B. f. *Martha Lee*, by Imp. Fop, dam by Stockholder, suckling, for $1000.
3. One half of b. c. *Mecklenburg*, by Merman, out of the dam of Hugh Lawson White, 2 yrs. old, for $500.

Mr. **Thos. Hielt**, of Columbia, Tenn., has sold to a gentleman of Perry Co. Ala., his gr. c. by New Constitution, dam by Stockholder, 2 yrs. old, for $500; also, a yearling b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder, for $200.

Mr. J. C. **Beasley**, of Plaquemine, La., has bought from W. G. **Harding**, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., his b. c. *Alpha*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Julietta by Kosciusko, 3 years old, for $1200.

Belshazzar.—A Tennessee correspondent writes to the following effect:—"It may probably be interesting to many of your correspondents in England to know that the Imp. stallion *Belshazzar*, by Blacklock, has made an excellent season. Amongst the mares which have been in his seraglio this season, were the dam of Rodolph and Curculia, Sumner's Matilda, John Dawson's dam, Melzare's dam—Martha Washington—Glance, out of the dam of Bascombe—dam of Kenlock—Imp. Titsey, by Langar—Antelope and her dam, etc. etc."

A lot of fourteen Durham cattle, with several Berkshire hogs, have been landed this week from the ship "Great Britain," from Liverpool.

Extract of a letter dated NATCHEZ, Miss., August 16, 1839.

W. T. Porter, Esq.: Dear Sir,—You will please announce the following races to come off over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez.

Nov. 11th,—Match, one mile, $500 a side, P. P. Mr. **Jas. Railey**'s ch. c. *Nick of the Woods*, vs. Col. **Bingaman**'s g. c. by Bertrand out of Hard Heart's dam—both two years old.

Nov. 12th,—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200, seven subscribers. Col. Bingaman's *Nehusta*, own sister to Zelina, is first favorite; Mr. **John Routh**'s br. f. by Dr. Syntax out of Imp. Only That, is a good deal fancied by some persons.

The Natchez Jockey Club races will commence on the 13th of November, and continue 4 days. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A **Young Turfman**.

Nick of the Woods was got by Medoc out of Maggy, own sister to Dungannon. He and Mr. Routh's filly are in Capt. **Minor**'s stable.

Dutchman.—A large and handsome lithographed portrait of this champion of the Trotting Turf, has just been published by **Hiram Woodruff**, his late trainer, which is accompanied by a list of his performances.

Mr. **Munson Beach**, of Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, claims the name of *Iowa*, (the territory) for a ch. c., 2 years old, by Imp. Barefoot out of Imp. Woodbine by Middleton, (winner of the Derby.)

The Red Fox in Carolina.—A gentleman writes us from Stewart Town, N. C. as follows:—"It may not be uninteresting to naturalists in tracing the progress of the Red Fox South, and will certainly be interesting to the lovers of the chase in the Pee Dee country to be informed that this superlative animal of the chase has made his appearance on the banks of that river. My hounds (a little select pack of only four couple), after a run of about forty-five minutes, on the 27th Feb. last, killed, about three miles from this place, a large old red dog, weighing fourteen pounds. The Red Fox had been previously seen repeatedly in different places for twenty miles round, by persons unacquainted with him, who reported him as a Panther, and it was not known what the animal really was until my dogs fell on his drag."

Note.—Two years since we sent Col. W. H., of Columbia, S. C., a vixen and five cubs, which he turned out on one of his plantations near that city. Whether any "*panthers*" have been seen there since we have not heard. The *varmints* were obtained on Long Island, and were of the right sort.—*Editor.*

SALE OF MR. G. N. SANDERS' CATTLE.

The following thorough-bred cattle of G. N. **Sanders**, Esq., were sold at auction on Tuesday, the 20th ult., at his residence, Grass Hills, Ky. This report is furnished exclusively to the "Spirit of the Times" by our special correspondent:—

COWS.

Adelaide, calved in 1827, got by Napoleon, out of Coquette.—John Brennan	$100
Calista, calved in Sept. 1829, bred by Col. Powell, got by Malcolm, out of Maria, imported 1827.—R. Lindsay	170
Edmonia, calved in May 1835, by Sultan, out of Jane, by Henry Baldwin.—Dr. Ewing	285
Junia, calved in Sept. 1835, by Pontiac, out of Crazy Sal, by Sultan.—John Brennan	210
Dahlia, calved in Feb. 1835, by Sultan, out of Lily, by Henry Baldwin.—John Brennan	140
Fawn, calved June 1834, by Sultan, out of Mrs. Bakewell, imported in 1817.—P. W. Taylor	110
Beda, calved Feb. 7, 1839, by Felix, out of Calista.—W. Trimble, of Ohio	200
Genevieve, calved Dec. 1837, by Felix, out of Adelaide.—Mr. Bula.	150
Sarah, calved April 1839, full sister to Genevieve.—J. Brennan	155
White cow, 4 yrs. old, ⅞ blooded, of the stock imported in 1817.—R. Lindsay	55
Pale red cow, 3 yrs. old, ⅞ blooded.—Mr. Hawkins	35
Red Heifer, by Felix, dam by Sultan.—Dr. Ewing	60
Pale Red Heifer " " " " "	55
White Cow Calf, 10 months old, by Jacob, out of Muley, by Sultan.—Mr. Craig	30

BULL CALVES.

Moab, calved May 1838, by Felix, out of Flora, by Malcolm.—Mr. Morgan	115
Buck, calved June 1838, by Felix, out of Fawn.—Mr. Carle	55
Red Calf, calved Sept. 1838, by Felix, out of Rose McGorie, by Pontiac.—Mr. Kirkley	110
Calf, calved June 1839, by Felix, out of Dahlia.—John Brennan	100
Orphan, calved June 1839, by Felix, out of Primrose.—R. Lindsay	118
Edwin, calved July 1839, by Felix, out of Edmonia.—Dr. Ewing	150
Brutus, calved June 1839, by Felix, out of Junia.—Mr. Turpin	80
Beau, calved March 1839, by Felix, out of Beauty, by Prince Regent.—Mr. Bartlett	125
Horace, calved Aug. 1839, by Jacob, out of Genevieve.—Mr. Craig	50
White Calf, calved July 1839, by Felix.—Jno. Sanders	55

SALE OF MR. W. A. WARNER'S BLOOD STOCK.

The following blood stock of W. A. **Warner**, Esq., were sold at auction at his farm, near Lexington, Ky., on the 22d ult. Our special correspondent furnishes the annexed report.—

Salome, br. m., by Trumpator, out of the dam of Sir Leslie, and in foal to Imp. Zinganee.—B. A. Hutchinson	166
Myra, b. m., by Cherokee, in foal to Woodpecker.—R. Downing	150
Mary, b. m., by Dungannon, in foal to old Saxe Weimar.—Mr. Kennard	106
Ch. f. by Imp. Derby, out of Mary, yearling.—Geo. Cluckson	117 50
Premium, b. f., by Woodpecker, out of Mary.—Mr. Kennard	96
Yearling colt by Wyandott, out of Salome.—Thos. Hurt	30

CATTLE.

Frederick, bull, 4 yrs. old, by Triumph, out of Imp. Cleopatra, bred by Dr. Sutton, of Ky.—S. Bradford & Co., of Tenn.	1625

COWS.

Pennsylvania, by Imp. Bolivar, bred by Col. Powell.—L. Young	520
Prudence, by Parson, out of Patience, bred by Samuel Candy, Esq., of Delaware.—Mr. Curles	610
Victoria, by Proclamation, out of Pennsylvania.—Jas. Gibson	335
Mary Warner, by Ohio, out of Prudence.—Maj. Jas. Gaines	565
Dahlia, by Ohio, out of Lady Roan, imported.—Mr. Read	415
Florence, by Ohio, out of Duchess, by Denton.—Mr. Curl	385
Primrose, by Ohio, dam by Champion.—E. Hart	235
Virginian, by Frederick, out of Nancy, by Exchange.—J. S. Berryman	450
Letitia, by Comet, imp. by Messrs. Smith & Dunn.—Mr. Hart	400
Twin calves by Frederick, out of Pennsylvanian.—J. Gillespie	240
Rose Bud, by Wellington, out of White Mary, by Exchange	200
Julia, by Ohio, dam by Champion	255
Alice, by Imp. Comet, out of Lucinda, ¾ cow by Pontiac	150
Red Rose, by Imp. Comet, dam ¾ cow by Oliver	75
Juanna, a ⅞ heifer by Don Juan, dam by Tariff	85
Durham, ¾ heifer by Don Juan, dam by Contention	40

BERKSHIRE THOROUGH-BRED HOGS.

Jack, 16 months old, by Black Hawk, out of Fancy Fann, by Bill	91
Tom, pigged 15th March, 1839, by Bay Bill, out of Fanny Haws	60
Beauty, full sister to Tom	82 50
Rose, " "	96
Premium, pigged in April 1839, by Paragon, out of Lady Black	63
Laura, full sister to Premium	95
Tulip, " "	82
Fanny, pigged May 1839, by Logan, out of Fanny	67

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM VIRGINIA.

August 18, 1839.

Dear Sir,—The applicants for *Autocrat* may look for some other stallion. I had a letter last month from his owner, saying he could not be allowed to return to Maryland and Virginia "on any terms"—he is represented to be in good health and condition; and to have proven a sure foal getter. Andrew, Eclipse, Fylde, Goliah, Luzborough, Tonson, and other popular stallions, prevented Autocrat from serving as many good mares in Virginia and Maryland, as the great Leviathan has in Tennessee; yet he has a full share of winners. The Queen, Czarina, Arthur Payne's ch. c. Camden, Reliance, and Col. Thompson's two 3 year olds. (Alabama, Tom Hoskins, Gov. Spriggs, and G. Pendleton's colts were *next door*.) B. O. **Tayloe**'s filly, dam by Boxer, came lame to the stable, and is turned out. You will have to *register* more winners by Aurocrat this season, than by any other stallion, taking into consideration the few in racer's hands.

Mr. W. H. **Tayloe**'s groom (Ruffin), has **Tom Hoskins** and **George Pendleton**'s Autocrat colt and *Panic* by Tychicus (bred by H. G. S. **Key**, Esq., of Md.) looking fine, and moving very well. (Mr. Pendleton names his colt *Mantapike*, out of Charlotte by Mason's Rattler, g. d. a bay mare purchased of Col. Wm. Garnett, of Mantapike, by Young Bedford, Polyphemus, Sloe, Calista, &c.) Two of the three will be in fix to run at the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Races.

We have finished our corn, which is an abundant crop; threshed and sent our wheat to market from this tide-water country, and such folks as don't choose to go to the Springs, amuse themselves with old fashioned barbacues and fish-fries. Thus we *cram between the logs* till the time of wheat seeding, and regular racing arrives. The last barbacue was all sorts of a feast; besides, pitching dollars, foot racing, and quarter racing, made a *mighty deal of fun*. One fellow only *shewed his keeping*, and he said he took *eleven drinks* beforehand.

If you don't think the subscribers to the Produce Stakes over the Victoria Course (Fauquier White Sulphur Springs), will be held uneasy by such an entry as—

W. H. Tayloe names produce of Aurora, (dam of Howa and Czarina.)

put him down as the 13th subscriber. We are referred to you in the advertisement on page 275, No. 23, Vol. 9 The small forfeits will induce that stake to fill up.

I am very respectfully, yours, ——

P.S. Much is said about forfeits. The way to fix the thing is for the proprietors to be held responsible for the *forfeit* of every man they permit to make an entry. The proprietor can secure himself by a negotiable note at the time of subscribing. After the race publish who won't pay.

THE PEYTON, THE ALABAMA, & OTHER GREAT STAKES.

The Five Thousand dollar Produce Stakes, with thirty subscribers, (by general consent termed "the Peyton Stakes") has had the effect of presenting Nashville to the sporting public, as the most prominent point in the west; and as numerous subscriptions have been obtained from a great—a very great distance, other large stakes have been started that foreigners might have additional inducements to make a pilgrimage to the glorious racing festival expected at the Fall Meeting in 1843. Thus, one interesting event on the Turf, as in other pursuits, naturally suggests another, and still another, and from present prospects, we may safely calculate upon, and look forward to that as the most important epoch in the annals of the American Turf. The distant states of Virginia and the Carolinas, Missouri, and Louisiana, as well as the nearer states of Maryland and Kentucky, will all be represented at that glorious meeting of kindred spirits, and contend with the hitherto unconquered Tennesseans on their own favorite "stanching ground" for the victory. That it will be a contest worthy of a journey from one end of the confederacy to the other, to witness, we have the surest guarantee in the high and honorable names which grace the list, and the "terrible high-bred cattle" which are engaged to exhibit their powers. In looking forward to that exciting and interesting occasion, many a staunch friend and spirited supporter of the turf, regretting that the lightness of his purse and his indispensable obligations to others, presented an insuperable bar to his taking part in such a stirring contest for fame and for wealth,—and expressing an ardent desire to measure lengths with some of the far-famed and far-fetched racers, on such terms as they could conveniently command, suggested the idea of other stakes for a lower amount, at the same meeting; and for their especial accommodation, as well as to increase the sport, several stakes have been started, and from present appearances are likely to be numerously filled. With this flattering prospect, I was much gratified to learn by a recent number of the "Spirit of the Times," that active preparations were making upon a scale corresponding with the anticipated wants of the sporting public, at a place which bids fair to become the metropolis of the western turf. This gratifying intelligence seemed to be conveyed "by authority," and one who knows a "hawk' from a handsaw," but being somewhat indefinite, I would respectfully suggest that a more minute detail of the improvements of the course and its appendages, or some responsible assurance that the accommodations shall be adequate to the wants of all who may have engagements at Nashville, will tend greatly not only to the filling of the stakes already opened, but to the permanent advancement of the sport at that place. Most of the stakes will close on the 1st of January next, and if the Jockey Club at its next meeting will take the necessary measures for insuring ample accommodations, it will doubtless have a salutary effect upon the filling of these stakes, and offer increased inducement for opening others. These remarks will not be deemed ill-timed, when it is recollected that gentlemen at a distance have no correct intelligence upon the subject, and when it is considered that the racing at Nashville for the few past years, has not been supported with that spirit which has been manifested in every other race horse region in the country; indeed, judging from the Calendar, the sport there appears to be on the decline, which must be a matter of deep regret, and no less of surprise, that in such an eminently favorable situation in every essential particular, our favorite national sport should not be most assiduously cherished and encouraged.

My principal object in addressing you at this time, is to call attention to some of the conditions of the two stakes, one to come off the day before the "Peyton" called the "Trial Stakes," and the other the day after, called "the Alabama Stakes." Both these stakes evidently originating from the same source, have the same peculiarities which are a departure from the established usages of this country.

1st. That which first strikes the attention of the American sportsman is the forfeits,—being one-quarter *if declared within a specified period*, or one-half at the post. This is an English condition; adopted, most probably, to enable the owner of race horses to go for a particular stake, if convenient to attend that meeting, or in the event of a more advantageous engagement offering in the meantime, elsewhere, to be released from the first on payment of a low forfeit. It has the effect of swelling the entries and increasing the stakes—gives one the opportunity of taking the length of the different horses engaged, and enabling one to judge from public running, whether it be expedient to run or pay. Such a condition would have a good effect in this country, if an opportunity were given to make a fair trial *before declaring forfeit*, but in "the Alabama Stakes" no such advantages exist, and therefore I conceive the condition in that stake to be a dead letter.

2d. The next peculiarity is that the second horse shall have his stake. This, like the former, is an English custom, and no doubt will have a tendency to increase the entries, increase the number starting, and greatly improve the running. In the St. Leger and the Derby and Oaks, *double* the amount of the stake is given to the second horse, and it seems to be very reasonable, as the object is to excite a secondary interest, that the amount should be proportioned to the number of subscribers. This is a highly beneficial condition, and will, if generally adopted in all races of heats, for Jockey Club purses, have a good effect on the sport, as it would increase the contest for each heat.

3d. The third remarkable feature in these stakes, is the attempt to exclude insolvent subscribers and to provide security for their engagements. This I may venture to affirm is not English, and savors too strongly of the shop to have originated among sportsmen. It is quite inconceivable how such warm friends of blood stock, and such high minded turfmen, as Jackson and his confederates, Boardman, Polk, Davis, &c., &c., names which by their honorable straightforward, and spirited endeavors to improve the racing breed of horses, are conferring honor and respectability upon the turf, should countenance such an innovation upon established usages of *gentlemen* engaged in these sports. Do they vainly imagine that the turf stands in need of the municipal judiciary to enforce its requisitions? If so, they should begin in the Legislative Hall, and surround it with conservative enactments, and invest our Jockey Clubs with all the paraphernalia of courts of justice, with their tip-staffs and bum-bailiffs. In short, adjust its operations by the standard of dollars and cents. Take away from the votaries of the turf that incentive which all true sportsmen feel, to an honorable discharge of their engagements, and substitute written obligations in the nature of commercial transactions, to be enforced in the courts of justice, and you bring the whole fraternity to the level of cobblers and tinkers—you erect a new and incompetent tribunal with power to supervise its operations, and correct its abuses, which, if universally established, would deprive it of its brightest ornaments, and its warmest supporters. We have no apprehensions that an innovation of such flagrant absurdity, and fraught with such consequences, will ever find favor with the racing public; but, the very attempt, supported as it has been by the distinguished names attached to it, ought not to be permitted to pass unnoticed, and unless those gentlemen intend to establish this as a pattern stake and a precedent for future engagements, it is to be hoped that the obnoxious clause will be stricken out. It is not too late, but may easily be effected (unless the subscribers persist) by each dropping a note to the secretary. If freed from this objection, there can scarcely be a doubt that "the Alabama Stakes" would obtain a very large number of signatures from all parts of the country, especially from all engaged in the "Peyton Stakes," and many others, who neglected to make entries in season. The provision for security is entirely unavailing, for if a case should arise wherein it could be demanded, the endorser can never be made responsible in a court of law, and the party would stand in no worse position with the racing public than he would have done, if he failed to comply with his engagements. On the other hand, a respectable man might be made the victim of a vile conspiracy, and by that means the cause of the turf brought into disrepute. As a friend of the sports, and an admirer of the blood horse, whose condition can only be improved, and his value appreciated, by legitimate racing, I will never become a subscriber to any sweepstakes containing this objectionable condition. Without that I would make an entry in "the Alabama Stakes." If others have the same objection, they would do the cause a service by making it known. But if they are contented with that clause, their unconditional subscription will sufficiently signify their assent.

An Observer.

LETTER FROM AN OLD TURFMAN.

——, Virginia, 20th Aug., 1839.

Sir,—Will you allow an old man, who has had some little experience, and all his life been an attentive observer of matters appertaining to the turf, and what is a still stronger claim to your courtesy, a constant and greatly edified reader of the "Spirit," a place in your columns for a few brief remarks? It may appear very old fashioned to your modern sportsmen, and be ascribed to an antiquated taste, to preserve even a slight remembrance of the olden time, but my mind retains a vivid recollection of the joyous and heart-thrilling scenes at the quarter paths, which were once so numerous in this part of the country, and which have now been superseded by the circular mile courses. In those days of primeval simplicity, when the whole neighborhood, without any other distinction than that which merit and honorable conduct confer, would spontaneously assemble of a leisure Saturday, at some favorite country retreat at a barbacue, a fish-fry, or such like pic-nic—when the lads and lasses would trip the light fantastic toe under the shade of a broad-spreading oak, and the hilarity of the occasion would generally be sustained, and in the estimation of most, greatly increased by quarter racing, got up on the spur of the moment, without concert or preparation, for some inconsiderable stake. These quarter races, being the chief attraction—the *bonne bouche* of those rural festivities, by degrees, became exciting sporting events, on which large sums were hazarded; and as they increased in importance, they naturally claimed a corresponding increase of care, attention, and experience, and consequently of improvement. Upon the organization of Jockey Clubs, races of heats for long distances were established and soon became thoroughly incorporated into the American system, to the exclusion of all others, under the universal conviction that such performances were the only and infallible test of a horse's stoutness or endurance. It may appear sceptical—nay, it may excite the derision of your readers to call in question the correctness of this opinion,—an opinion received and never for a moment doubted,—but it must often have occurred to our most experienced turfmen, that the circular form of our courses is not so well adapted to prove a horse's endurance under the light weights usually carried, as to excite and gratify the spectators by repeated exhibitions, on every round, of rattling brushes at the utmost speed. It is quite certain that a horse with a quick short stroke, handy at the turns, and quick on his legs, would have a decided advantage over a long striding and larger competitor, that took time to get under headway, and by the time he got well settled in his stride, and at his best pace, was obliged to be taken up—thrown out of his stroke, to make the turn; and the same thing to recur twice in every mile, with the additional disadvantage of greater labor on the turns than his more compact and short-striding opponent. A horse may continue to run a long distance, if in good condition, where he is held up at the end of every stretch, and if he be quick on his legs, and have a reasonable share of speed, he will almost invariably beat a superior both in pace and stoutness, that runs under such disadvantages as a powerful, long-striding horse encounters upon a circular course.

Superficial observers, judging from the distance, without making a proper estimate of these circumstances, often arrive at erroneous conclusions, as to the stoutness or endurance of a horse: as it must be evident, on the least reflection, that in such races a good turn of speed is in a very great degree a substitute for bottom. Hence has arisen a very common error in regard to the want of stoutness of English horses, which is strengthened by the infrequency of heats in that country, especially for their largest stakes. It is the opinion of good judges and experienced turfmen, that a horse cannot maintain his utmost rate of speed more than half a mile, and that he may be run to a stand still in less than a mile. If they have good grounds for that opinion, all will at once appreciate the relief it affords a horse to be held up at the commencement of every turn, and the natural consequence of pushing him on that part of the ground. Those who have been accustomed to see races only upon round courses, of one mile in extent, with light weights, can form no adequate idea of the vast difference of putting some additional weight up, and forcing them over a straight run of two, three, or four miles, with scarcely a turn or deviation of ground that requires a pull for relief. Such a course evidently would be the best trial of bottom, and it is also evident, if a horse could hold out, he could perform the distance in much quicker time on a straight course than a round one. These remarks, you will readily perceive, are merely speculative, and have been suggested by reflecting on the much disputed question of stoutness, which it is probable will never be conclusively established by reason of the difference in the manner of running. But private experiments might be made which would be of great service, and quite satisfactory, so far as it affected the horses engaged, by trying them first on a circular course, and then on a straight one. Racing in the United States has undergone so many and radical changes, since my earliest recollections, and such important further changes are still projected, that it would not be a matter of surprise, if we should in time adopt much of the English style—that is, of single races of various distances and weights. Such an innovation would add variety, and give increased interest to the sport. Nor is it more improbable that such a change should to some extent be introduced within the next 20 years, than a prediction would have been twenty years ago, that at this day we should see filled such immense sweepstakes in all parts of the country, as your journal records. *The English unquestionably breed for stoutness as the first and most essential requisite in a race horse*, and in modern times they have an eye to their ability to carry weight. I hear the opinion often advanced that speed—the speed of the quarter horse, is the chief aim of the English breeder, and this opinion is formed from the great number of short races—short dashes, contained in their Calendars. If persons who have hastily come to this conclusion from the premises, will attentively consider the weight, the nature of the ground, and the amount of the stake, they will at once perceive that nothing but a concentration of power, speed, and stoutness, in an eminent degree, will enable a horse to win over one of these short courses. There is the Criterion Course, straight, the *whole distance* (1200 yards) *up a long slope*, and colts take up 119lbs. at 2 years old. If any one doubts that the highest degree of stoutness is not essential for such a performance, let him satisfy himself by an experimental trial on such a piece of ground, and again on a circular course. If I am not greatly mistaken, he will find it as good a test of stoutness as running heats upon a circular course at light weights—but this, as I before remarked, is mere conjecture, and is only suggested by the train of my reflections upon this disputed point.

Among other changes and innovations upon ancient usages, I cannot forbear remarking on a project originating in Alabama, I believe, to secure *bona fide* subscribers against tricks or losses from those which are irresponsible, by requiring them to give security. The precise words employed are, that "the clerk of the course and the president shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber *shall give security for the forfeit*." The objection is to the last part of the above extract, which is an attempt to substitute a legal for an honorable obligation, the latter being the only bond by which sportsmen can be held together. In justification of this project, it is affirmed that in the West there are many irresponsible subscribers to sweepstakes, and that the English rule which disqualifies a horse for starting or the owner, who is in default for any turf engagement, is inapplicable to this country; and to *ensure* the payment of forfeits the party is required to give security. But it appears to me, that a moment's reflection will convince any one that the object cannot be attained by these means, but on the contrary, the advantage will be altogether on the side of the irresponsible party, who will have no difficulty in giving good security if his horse be a good one, and if it turn out bad, he will refer you to your remedy upon the bond, which cannot be recovered by law. Besides, it opens the door for the intrusion of unworthy characters into an association of honorable gentlemen—they will reason thus; we will take the chances of making an entry with a certainty that we can lose nothing, and if proved to be insolvent, we will then give security if our horse is a promising one, and finally if we do not conclude to start, they may look to the bond, as it is *that* which they trusted, not our honors, which cannot suffer in a court of justice. The power given to the clerk and president, without the addition of the security alternative, would be better, for that would effectually deter bankrupts in fame and fortune from making a nomination.

Solvent subscribers are not affected by the provision, and as to them it is a dead letter, and if the other conditions are acceptable, they will not be likely to regard that, except as it establishes a precedent which may tend to bring the turf into disrepute, incidentally, by the admission that there are those connected with it, who are not worthy to be trusted, and are not fit associates for gentlemen.

An Octogenarian.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM "N." AT THE SPRINGS.

White Sulphur Springs, Aug. 27, 1839.

My dear P.—I am still at this paradise, where I could spend a month most delightfully. I often wish I was a rich man, just to live like a South Carolina gentleman. After all, and Virginian as I am, I do think a South Carolina gentleman is at least a head and shoulders taller than any other biped. His happiness seems full when he can contribute to the pleasure and gratification of his friends, and he does it, too, in such a delicate manner as to prevent the obliged party feeling under obligation.

This place continues crowded: the arrivals keep pace with the departures, and though you daily find new faces, yet the gaiety of the ball-room abates not. Among the distinguished gentlemen here are Mr. Leigh, Judges Porter, Stanard, and May; Commodore Dallas, of the U. S. Navy, Col. Wharton Rector, of the U. S. Army, Cols. Hampton and Hayne, of South Carolina, &c. Mr. Rives left on yesterday. There are but few persons from the South-west. I presume most of them are East and at Harrodsburg.

You would be astonished to find the fare so good here; it is true that it is no *Astor House*, yet it is very *fair*. The Messrs. Calwells are attentive and polite gentlemen.

We have had two drives since I wrote. In the first we were unsuccessful—two shots were fired, but no deer killed. On yesterday we had better luck; I killed a doe, and wounded another badly. Mr. Blair (editor of the "Globe") also wounded one. He uses small buck-shot, and it is difficult to kill one with them, unless you chance to be very close.

The races commenced to-day at the Salt Sulphur. I think of accompanying Col Hampton to them on to-morrow.

I shall leave for the Arks. on Sunday. In haste yours, N.

RACES AT THE SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va.

Salt Sulphur Springs (Va.), Aug. 29, 1839.

My dear P.—A party of us from the White Sulphur, among whom were Cols. Singleton and Hampton, of South Carolina, Col. Rector, of the U. S. Army, Messrs. Lewis and James Calwell, Ancrum and Sinclair came over on yesterday morning for the purpose of seeing the races.

The course is pleasantly located (considering the mountains), with a fine stand and other fixtures, not often seen in a new country. The races were well attended. God's fairest flowers were there, in all the health and beauty which the pure air of the mountain imparts. One of them is a perfect Die Vernon. A wild and unruly steed was once brought up for her, and as she was in the act of mounting, some gentleman remonstrated, and told her of her danger. "Can he cast his skin?" was her only reply, and seizing with one hand the horn of the saddle, she vaulted into it, and was off like a fawn. Now for the races.

This Club has been recently organized, and these are the first races ever held by it. The Officers are:—William Erskine, President; Lewis E. Caperton, Vice President; J. A. McClures, Secretary; John E. Campbell, Treasurer.

TUESDAY, Aug. 27, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, subscription $50 each. Mile heats.

Alexander Erskine's ch. f. *Mary Miller*, by Arab, dam by Peacemaker	1	1
Jno. Wills, Jr.'s gr. f. *Maria*, pedigree omitted	2	2

Time, 2:08 2:08.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 28—Purse $150, entrance $10, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John Lewis' ch. c. *Kanawha*,* by Medoc, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	1	1
Leonard Phelps' br. f. *Laura*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs	2	2
Edmund Wills' ch. g. *Red Fox*, 5 yrs	dist.	
Joseph Hill's ch. h. *Clinton*, 6 yrs	dist.	

Time, 3:59—4:10. * Broke down.

This was rather a pretty race. The winner is a colt of extraordinary finish, blood-like and game in his appearance. He was entirely too fat for a stinging race. The Leviathan filly is rather a pretty animal, and to all appearance had the advantage of the colt in condition; he was the favorite at 2 to 1 vs. the field, though the only bet I heard offered was *twenty-five cents*. Red Fox was unlike his namesake, and "flung up" in the first mile and quarter, not, however, without knocking the hind sights off of Clinton. The latter had a party who seemed sweet on him, though from the demand they made for "Rags," I am inclined to think they fell hard. At the tap of the drum they got off; Laura soon took the track, and cut out the work, Kanawha behind, under a hard pull; they passed the Judge's stand all well up, the filly still leading, and apparently under a strong pull, and at her ease; on the back-stretch she seemed to have it all her own way. Kanawha made his burst on the turn, and they swung into the stretch nose and tail; he outfooted her handily to the stand, winning the heat in 3:59, the *Burnt-offering* and *Charmed Bullet* both distanced. The colt and filly both cooled off well, and had a fair start, the latter soon taking the track, which she kept for nearly a mile, when the colt passed her; she tried it on more than once, but it was no fit, and he won the heat in 4:10. He pulled up dead lame, and she cruelly tired; yet, could she have collared him, he was gone, for the least urging would have brought him to the ground.

Everything went off well. I am told, for I did not stay to see, that there was some tall quarter racing and cavorting, that would have done credit to ——— himself. Four entries for to-day.

THURSDAY, Aug. 29—Purse $300, ent. 15, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' br. f. *Brown Gal*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1
Jacob C. Mossy's ch. h. *Calmuc*, by Timoleon, out of Fair Forrester, aged	dist.
Alex. Erskine's ch. g. *Harry Bluff*, by Paymaster, 5 yrs	dist.
Edmund Wills' ch. g. *Red Fox*, 5 yrs	dist.

Time, 6:18.

No contest, the Leviathan filly winning like open and shut; she beat the field some 200 yards, while the Red Fox laid it on to the others. There was a bet of a horse between the Calmuc and Red Fox parties, and Wellington did not feel prouder when he gained the battle of Waterloo than did the "*Burnt-offering*" party, while the "*Warping Bars*" fellows looked as if they had the devil in them. The Brown Gal is a fine filly, and could have made a good race to day.

The greatest man in these diggings is black *Charles*, of the White Sulphur. He talks like a book, and says he knows the situation of every man, pecuniary and political, in the country. I heard him boasting of having "meat, meal, and money without limit."

The course was better attended to-day—no end to the ladies. We leave in a few minutes for the White Sulphur.

P.S. We are to have a big hunt. Mr. James Calwell sent over about a dozen hounds this morning, which, added to his pack, will make an awful fuss in the woods. This is a fine place for eating and sleeping—good venison, and the best cooked bread on earth. The proprietors are polite and attentive, and upon the whole, it is a mighty agreeable place. Hastily yours, N.

THE FOUR MILE HORSES OF ALABAMA.

Perry County, Ala., Aug. 15th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—A correspondent in your valuable paper of July 20th, who signs himself "N. of Arkansas," in his remarks upon Distinguished Four Milers, says, "in Alabama they have no four mile nag of very great distinction." A "Cotton Planter," in a subsequent No. enquires, where is "*Maria Black*, that beat his boasted *Poney*, (and let me add his boasted *Melzare*,) or *Zelina*, that beat *Wagner*?" I take the liberty of answering his queries, and correct the impression which your correspondent "N." appears to be under. Alabama has good racers at all distances; her horses took a large share of prizes in New Orleans last winter, and where they have met the Georgians, the latter have been defeated.

But to Alabama's "boast." *Maria Black* in her last race at Clinton, became lame, and was immediately withdrawn as soon as the fact was discovered; her leg is improving, and she may make another fine four mile race yet; she will not be taken up this Fall, owing to her having been in training now since last summer, and in the meanwhile passed through a brilliant campaign. This Spring she won (if I recollect) two four mile races, and one three mile heat. She has nobly sustained the reputation of her sire for stoutness, which her relation *Duane* has demonstrated upon the Northern Turf. She has been found too fast for the speedy, and too stout for the strong.

Zelina is a trump, and has been taken up for her Fall campaign. She was not trained in the Spring; in my humble opinion, she is the best of Leviathan's get. Her career has been astonishing. In 1838 she won seven times without losing a race; and has been beaten once only since she came into the hands of her present owner, and that at Mobile by Wagner, when after a long and successful career in the upper country, she was carried to Mobile, and there put Wagner up to all he knew. By the way, it was one of the best races Wagner ever run—7:55—7:55. She has entirely recovered from her laborious campaign last winter, and if John Nicholls has her in the same condition in which he had her then, she will be an ugly customer in a crowd, particularly if strength and bottom are destined to win.

Besides these two cracks—for I consider them decidedly the best in Alabama and equal to any in the Southern or South Western country—we have some others, which if I am not most egregiously mistaken, will be second to none. I will mention first, a celebrated nag from your State, raised by one of your most noble sons, and a winner upon your Northern Turf—I mean *Zela*, by Eclipse, out of Goliah's dam; she is now perfectly acclimated and in fine condition. You have heard no doubt of her purchase by M. A. Bott & Co., and of her going into Col. Taylor's stable. She is a very promising filly, though never to my knowledge, has she been tried in a four mile race. Her blood will warrant the assertion that she must be a good four miler. *Czarina*, from her relationship to *Fanny Wyatt* through her dam, and by her sire, to *Elis*, winner of the St. Leger, ought to be able to go four miles. She has never in any race yet showed fatigue. In the same stable are several young ones very promising; one by Pacific, out of the dam of Pactolus, is likely to prove a crowder.

Gander, the half brother to John Bascombe, has run but one race, that I am aware of, and that was a four mile race at Huntsville. The time was slow, but from what I hear of him, he is a very promising colt. He has been purchased, I understand, by some gentlemen of Sumter County, at a high figure, and if he is what he is thought by some to be, he will shew what he can do in the ensuing Fall campaign, which is likely to be unusually brilliant.

Melzare never won a three or four mile race, as I know of, but has been beaten by Maria Black, Zelina, Hortense, and several others at all distances; he has been withdrawn, as it was supposed he gave way in his race with The Poney, after a capital performance.

Pollard Brown has won some good four mile races; he is rather under size, and his weight will tell upon him.

This Fall must bring out some first rate ones, and Alabama will take some of the laurels gained heretofore by the Mississippians and Louisianians in New Orleans. The spirit of racing is on the increase in this State; in a year or two she will be behind none in the Union in the superiority of her stock; great hopes are entertained of the *Glencoe's*, &c. Tennessee is so convenient that we have the pick of the world, both from native and imported stock; and from such advantages, what is to prevent us from having as fine horses any in the world?

My object, Mr. Editor, in writing this hasty communication is to bring to your attention two nags of our State which can be numbered among the crack four milers of the South; I am not interested in any way in any race horse, any more than having an interest in the Sports of the Turf, which every lover of that noble animal, the horse, must have for the improvement of the stock of the country. The most promising colts I have seen this season, are Robin Brown's; they are decidedly the handsomest and best formed colts I ever saw; very few of them are out of thorough-bred mares, but they will shew with any colts in the country.

Wishing you much success in your laudable enterprise, and hoping you will excuse this hastily written scrawl, which has been written merely to set your correspondent right in his remarks upon the Four Mile Horses of Alabama, I remain, Yours respectfully, Perry.

THE TURF IN TEXAS.

We publish the following letter from a well known correspondent, with great pleasure. The pioneers of Texas have carried with them to the young republic all that taste for fine horses, and regard for the improvement of the breed, which distinguishes the residents of the South and West. Already, we believe, there are five organized Jockey Clubs in Texas, which comprise in their officers and members the most distinguished individuals in the state. Our readers will recollect an exceedingly well written article, on the prospects of the Texian Turf, by "*A Louisianian*," which appeared in this paper on the 17th of last month. From the intelligence imparted in the following communication, it will be seen that his anticipations are soon to be realized.

Dear Sir,—Annexed you will receive a minute of our proceedings, which you will please publish.

The proprietors, Messrs. McKinney, Williams, and Co., have laid out a beautiful course, of an oval form, and of the "*rite sort o' grit*," immediately on the Gulf Shore; it perhaps will be one of the prettiest courses on the continent. It is just being enclosed, and ere the first meeting, the spirited and enterprising proprietors will doubtless have everything complete for comfort and convenience.

Our "*glee*" will commence on the 21st of December next, with a Post Stake of four subscribers, (and likely more) of $1000 each, in which *Star of the West*, by Bertrand, &c., "will shine" (as his liberal owner is a subscriber to the stake), though with all her *brilliancy* she may be *eclipsed*, for *Tom Thurman*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Venus by Constellation, is still able to do some "tall walking," as he is in the stud of another liberal and spirited subscriber. Among the other *likelys* the namesake of our gallant President, *Sam Houston*, by Kosciusko, and last though not least, *Warwick*, said to be a grandson of old Reality, will probably make a show, being in the other subscriber's stud. They have all been winners, and the matter already creates considerable excitement. Our prospects are very flattering for a large club, now about 80 subscribers at $50. Won't our purses bring some cracks from New Orleans? Only 40 hours run in the best sort of boats.

If you think any of the above items worthy of note, please put them in ship-shape and set them adrift. Since my residence in this country I have intended writing you, but business must plead my only excuse. I have enjoyed several fine "Mustang Hunts," and did hope to kill a buffalo and send you the hump with my first letter, but this has to go it *alone*; still, I hope soon to "*lasso*" one, when you shall have the delicate morsel, as well as a real "*Mustang Hos*."

I did intend to visit New York this summer, but couldn't get off. I will write you again soon. Till then, believe me, with best wishes for the "Spirit" and its "*shadow*" truly yours, S.

At a meeting of the subscribers to the Jockey Club at Galveston, the following gentlemen were appointed officers:—

John M. Allen, Esq., President; Col. Geo. W. Hockley, Meschall B. Menard, Vice Presidents; Edwin B. Settle, Treasurer and Secretary; Nicholas Lynch, Peter J. Menard, J. Temple Doswell, John A. Settle, R. D. Johnson, and Joel A. Roberts, Esqrs., Stewards.

After which the following resolutions were adopted.

1st. Resolved, That this club be called the "Galveston Jockey Club."

2d. Resolved, That this club adopts for its government, the Rules and Regulations of the Metarie and Louisiana Jockey Clubs, of New Orleans, with any amendments hereafter deemed expedient.

3d. Resolved, That the first meeting of the club commence on the 21st day of December next.

4th. Resolved, That the Secretary subscribe forthwith for the New York "Spirit of the Times," "Turf Register," and "Whip;"* and the Treasurer be and is hereby ordered to pay the amount of subscriptions out of the first funds of the club.

5th. Resolved, That the Secretary forward a copy of these proceedings to the "Spirit of the Times" and "Whip"* for publication. Adjourned.

E. B. Settle, Secretary. Shelby Smith, Chairman.

Galveston, Texas, August 10, 1839.

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* A journal bearing the name of "The Whip" has been published in this city for a few months this season, but some weeks since it was discontinued.—*Editor*.

CONSEQUENCES FROM WARRANTING HORSES.

To trace the origin of warranting horses would be a useless undertaking, but to point out the evils which arise from it may be the means of preventing many expensive and vexatious disputes. The persons who alone reap a benefit by such transactions are easily identified. The lawyers come in as a matter of course for a very considerable share; then the horse dealers; and, with them, a host of veterinary surgeons, who are to be found in droves both in the metropolis and all other cities and towns throughout Her Majesty's dominions. The purchase of a horse under any circumstances must be attended with risk and uncertainty; and, after all, it is but a life interest in an animal, whose services may or may not realise the views of the purchaser. If the sale of the animal is to be attended by those uncertainties which a warranty invariably bears with it, an additional and unnecessary risk is incurred. Both parties become liable to disputes. If the purchaser dislikes his bargain, the aid of the Law is called in, the "glorious uncertainty" of which carries with it the conviction that there is one *certainty* connected with it—a most unsatisfactory expenditure of money. Thus horse-dealing possesses a double character of risk, which it never ought to be subject to. Some persons may observe that the intent and effect of a warranty is to secure the purchaser against deception and consequent loss: the custom is founded under an impression that the seller, having had the horse in his possession, has been enabled to ascertain the animal's imperfections or defects:—my object is to point out the fallacy of such notions.

The multitudes of lawsuits which have arisen from warranties are incalculable, and the expenses, even to the successful party, are generally so great as to leave them very much dissatisfied with the result. In many instances warranties extend beyond the mere assurance of soundness: they go so far as to express the general docility of the animal, especially his being quiet to ride or drive, such undertaking being given by the seller from the knowledge which he has acquired of the horse's disposition during the time he has been under his care, and accustomed to proper treatment: he generally deems the assurance as extending no longer than to the period when the bargain is made By the purchaser, however, the transaction is frequently viewed in another light; and he conceives, or at all events insists, that the warranty extends to a period beyond the time of sale. A lawsuit follows, and the jury are called upon to decide whether the imperfection or vice existed at the date when the transaction took place, in which decision they are not unfrequently greatly mistaken.

Under the effects of a warranty, a man becomes security for the performances of an irrational animal, after having transferred his control over that animal to another individual! Can anything be more absurd? Where is there a prudent man who will become security for the good conduct of a fellow-being without positive assurance that he is justified in doing so? Yet men are daily in the habit of becoming security for the performances of horses after they have assigned the management of them to other persons. All persons who have had experience with horses are conscious of the different dispositions which they will evince under different management: even in the hands of those who are considered skilful in equestrian exercises, horses will shew different propensities with strangers. When they happen to pass out of the hands of such men as are competent to manage them into ignorant and violent hands, high-couraged horses in good condition will evince some spirit—the most tractable will become vicious by ill usage and bad management.

Many expensive litigations have arisen from the circumstance of horses being warranted steady in harness, which under the guidance of experienced persons they have proved to be, but when improperly treated by their fresh masters, who have not possessed sufficient discretion, have become unruly, and have consequently been designated vicious, therefore not conformable to the description given when sold. Each party imagines himself correct. The former owner of the horse, having driven him without difficulty or danger, feels astonished when he is informed that the horse has kicked himself out of his harness, and that he is to be returned with damaged hocks and hind-legs, perhaps broken knees, and a temper so much disturbed by the alarm which he has experienced that he is not of half the value he was when sold: moreover he has acquired the character of being vicious, which makes every subsequent purchaser cautious of becoming possessed of him: he is on that score deteriorated in value.

A riding horse is nearly as liable as one for harness to be injured by the careless and unskilful abuse of ignorant people. A horseman will obtain that obedience from his horse which an inexperienced man cannot acquire: under the control of one, he will be tractable, handy, and pleasant to ride; under the misguidance of another, the same horse will pull, run away, swerve, and display all sorts of tricks: so that if the seller, who, being a good horseman, sells his horse to a bad one with a warranty of being quiet to ride, and that horse runs away with his unskilful rider, the seller has him returned, injured in character, in condition, and in value. This brings to my remembrance a circumstance which occurred some years since. A Gentleman, who was well known as a brilliant performer over a country, sold a horse to an acquaintance who was not quite so highly accomplished: after some time the horse, not appearing in so good a place as with his former master, the possessor was frequently quizzed, upon which, somewhat chagrined, he remonstrated with the Gentleman from whom he had made the purchase, and upbraided him with having described the horse as being superior to what he really was. The reply was short but expressive, and it put an end to all further discussion—"I sold you the horse—I did not sell you the rider!"

Warranties of soundness are equally objectionable as either of the former cases. If the purchaser is not over-scrupulous, and does not like the horse, it is a very easy matter to *find out* some defect. A blow on the shins will cause the horse to run lame, and many other remedies may be resorted to which are equally indicative of temporary unsoundness. The horse is heard to cough; it is instantly pronounced to be constitutional! But every man who has had practical experience with horses is aware that they will cough at times without being affected by disease. Like the human subject, the intrusion of any husky substance at the top of the windpipe will produce a temporary cough. Many will cough after drinking their water, without being afflicted by any malady or ever becoming worse for it. It is, at the same time, a symptom which I should regard with some attention.

To enumerate all the circumstances which may be brought forward as evidence of unsoundness by an individual who is desirous to return his purchase, would fill more space than I can presume to occupy. If a man has been imprudent enough to warrant a horse, and is threatened with an action unless he will take him back, he had better do so at once: he will the more certainly retrieve his character, which prudent men will consider he has sacrificed, on the score of prudence, and most assuredly avoid the risk of an expensive lawsuit, than by going before a jury with what may appear a very clear case. Generally speaking, the men who compose a jury are less likely to form a correct opinion on a horse than on any other subject.—After having urged the impropriety of giving a warranty, it may be said, what security has the purchaser for his speculation? and that few persons would purchase at a high price without. First of all I must observe, that blood-stock are sold at higher prices than any others, and with them it is not customary to give any warranty—why should it be given with any other description? There is one mode of sale which cannot be otherwise then satisfactory to all parties. Let the horse be examined by some competent person on the part of the purchaser, if he have not confidence in his own experience, and by that opinion accede to or decline the negotiation: it is the most equitable system on many accounts. The intent and meaning of a warranty of soundness is to convey an assurance that the animal is healthy, free from anatomical malformation, and consequent lameness, or disorganization of such parts as may be necessary for the full use of all the limbs, and that the internal parts are in a fit state for the animal to perform such labor as a horse is reasonably considered to be able to endure at the time of purchase. If therefore he has any defects, an experienced person will discern them as well whilst in the possession of the seller as afterwards, and the seller will not be exposed to any nefarious schemes which may be resorted to by the purchaser or his servants if either or both should take a dislike to the horse.

It is to be observed, there are instances when internal disease may not be discoverable for some days after it has attacked the animal; and that in such cases the seller ought to be the loser if the malady was in existence at the time of sale. Many lawsuits have arisen upon this subject, in which much conflicting evidence has appeared on both sides; and as many complaints, such as colds, inflammation of the lungs, intestines, and other internal parts may arise from the horse being placed in stables of a different temperature to what he has been accustomed to, very severe work, or exposure to a current of air whilst hot, as well as many other circumstances which the inadvertency of the purchaser may produce, he appears to be the only person who ought to suffer from any loss arising from such causes.

Although intended to protect the unwary and conciencious purchaser, warranties are of all transactions the most favorable to designing and disreputable vagabonds, of whom there are too many to be found in the lower grade of horse-dealers: ever ready to take any advantage, they will warrant anything, and risk the consequences. The unwary will purchase from them under color of this pretext without so minute an examination as would take place if the transaction were unaccompanied with what they suppose to be a security. But on discovering the purchase to be unsound, what is the result? an exchange for some other equally unsound animal, with a little money to boot, or possibly a refusal to make any compensation, and a declaration that a lawsuit will be defended—the expenses of which, and the great probability that the defendant is not worth powder and shot, are quite enough to deter any rational man from such proceedings.

The class of persons to whom I allude will be the first to inveigh against this recommendation, for this simple reason: they will not be able to dispose of unsound horses, except in very few instances, unless at prices equivalent to the unsoundness, as every person will naturally employ a veterinary surgeon or other competent person to examine the horse, and the unsoundness will thereby be detected. When the seller describes the qualifications of his horse, it is but reasonable that he should exhibit these abilities as evidence of the truth of his assertions, which, if he declines doing, it may naturally be inferred the horse will not perform what he states. This applies most particularly to a declaration that the animal is temperate to ride or drive: if he display temperance and docility, the purchaser ought to be satisfied, and not complain if he, by reason of his own bad management, cannot obtain similar services: he is the only person who ought to suffer by his ignorance: the sooner he makes himself master of the noble science of horsemanship the better; but it is only reasonable that he do it at his own expense.

PHŒNIX.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July.

WINCHESTER RACES.

TUESDAY.

Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts 8st 7lb, fillies and geldings 8st 4lb; untried stallions or mares, whose produce never won, allowed 3lb; the new mile; twelve subs.

Mr. S. Wreford, jun.'s b. c. *Westonian*, by Camel, out of Margellina	J. Day	1
Mr. C. Finch's c. Clarion, by Sultan, out of Clara (3lb)		2
Mr. Sadler's Deceit, by Defence, dam by Selim, out of Euryone		3

Won easy.

The *Hampshire Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 50 added from the fund; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; two miles and a distance; 21 subs., 15 of whom paid 5 sovs. each.

Duke of Richmond's *Confusionee*, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb	J. Howlet	1
Mr. Dolphin's The Skater, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb		2
Lord G. Bentinck's Doimouse, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb		0
Mr. Sadler's Dart, 3 yrs, 7st		0
Mr. Sidney Herbert's Clarion, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb		0

Dormouse made severe running for a mile and a quarter; the filly then took it up, when Clarion, Dormouse, and Dart, cried "enough." The Skater tried to reach her, but in vain, and she won easy. She was well jockeyed by little Howlet.

The *Hunters' Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for horses that have been hunted with any established pack of hounds; four year olds 10st 5lb, five 11st, six 11st 5lb, and aged 11st 7lb; to be ridden by members of a racing or fox-hunting club; thorough-bred fiorses to carry 12lb extra; the second horse to receive back his stake; one mile and a half; six subs.

Mr. Maley's *Belissima*, 4 yrs (half bred)	Mr. W. Sadler	1
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pauline, aged		2

Won cleverly.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 25 added by the County Members, if three horses start; three year olds 7st 5lb, four 8st 9lb; fillies and geldidgs allowed 3lb; the new mile; five subs.

Mr. Sadler's *Dart*, 3 yrs .... walked over.

The *Queen's Plate* of 100gs.; three year olds 7st 5lb, four 9st 1lb, five 9st 11lb, six and aged, 10st 2lb; two mile heats.

Mr. Isaac Day's *Caravan*, 5 yrs	Pavis	1	1
Mr. W. Etwall's Sister to Recruit, 3 yrs		4	2
Mr. Sadler's Deceit, 3 yrs		2	dr
Mr. Rees Weguelin's Isabella, 3 yrs		3	dr

Won very easy. We have not seen so much company for many years.

WEDNESDAY.

The *Winton Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., for colts 8st 7lb, and fillies 8st 4lb; the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake; T.Y.C., three quarters of a mile; three subs.

Mr. Wreford's b. c. by Glencoe, out of Margellina .... walked over.

City Members' Plate of 50 sovs., for any horse, mare, or gelding, that did not win the Queen's Plate this year, or walk over for the same; three year olds 6st 4lb, four 7st 9lb, five 8st 4lb, six 8st 11lb, and aged, 9st; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; winners once in the present year 2lb, twice 5lb, thrice or more 7lb extra; two mile heats.

Mr. S. Herbert's b. g. *Arctic*, 6 yrs	Conelly	1	1
Lord Palmerston's b. c. Ashfield, 4 yrs		4	2
Mr. Ley's gr. c. Pocket Hercules, 5 yrs		2	dr
Mr. Faulconer's b. f. Slender, 4 yrs		3	dr

A good race.

Forced Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 25 sovs. added by the County Members; last three quarters of a mile; six subs.

Mr. Wadham Wyndham's *Camarilla*, by Camel, dam by Granicus, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Pavis	1
Mr. Etwall's Hill Coolie, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb		2
Lord Palmerston's Clasp, by Young Hap-hazard, out of Goldpin, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb		3
Mr. Sadler's Dart, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb		4
Mr. Faulconer's March First, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb		5

A good race.

Forced Handicap of 3 sovs. eech, with 25 sovs. added by the County Members; one mile; nine subs.

Mr. W. Sadler's *Specimen*, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	Mann	1
Mr. Dolphin's The Skater, 6 yrs, 9st 7lb		2
Mr. W. Etwall's Sister to Recruit, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb		3
Mr. Rees Weguelin's Isabella, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb		4

A fine race.

GUILDFORD RACES.

The attendance on the Downs at Merrow, on Tuesday last, was, as usual, thin; indeed, there were not a dozen gentlemen and their families present; a clear proof that the *good people* of Guildford do not thank her Majesty for the Plate, which constituted the only sport to be witnessed by about 200 bumpkins, who had forsaken the hay-fields.

TUESDAY.

Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs.; two mile heats.

Mr. Bowes's ch. c. *Jagger*, 4 yrs, 9st 1lb	C. Edwards	2	1	1
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Momus, 4 yrs, 9st 1lb	J. Day, jr.	1	2	dr
Mr. Theobald's b. m. Pauline, aged, 10st 2lb	Smith	3	dr	

First heat: After two false starts, occasioned by Jagger's disinclination to go, the latter was allowed to take a lead of a couple of lengths, but even then bolted straight across, instead of going round a post placed, *about a century back*, to denote the course; Edwards kept him well to his work after rounding the turn, and a fine race took place between him and the Grey, who went up on passing the road, ran a neck and neck race with, and defeated him cleverly by half a length. Second heat: Smith, finding the mare could not give the thorough-bred-'uns a stone and keep a good place, withdrew from further contest; but could he have foreseen that the gallant Grey's running was so soon to come to an end, and have supported the objection which he would have been justified in making (from his knowledge that Jagger did not go over the course by fifteen yards), he might have carried off the "guineas" with scarcely a struggle. Grey Momus made strong play at starting, put the Jagger upon his mettle to the distance, where he was winning easily, when this wretched course broke him down, nearly pitching Day over his head; Jagger of course cantered in for this, and walked over for the third heat.

GRAND CRICKET MATCH.

MARYLEBONE ETC. AGAINST ALL ENGLAND.

The grand match, Marylebone Club and Ground, with Pilch and Wenman against the players of all England was played on Monday and Tuesday, at Lord's. England went in first, Lillywhite and Box commencing batting. Cobbett bowling the first over, Lillywhite scoring two runs the third ball. Bayley gave the next four, and the last of the over being a shooter. Box went out without a run. Jarvis took his place, and made a tip to the off and scored three, and then cut one for three more. Lillywhite, after scoring a second two, was finely caught by Wenman behind the wicket, the ball, we believe, slightly coming in contact with his bat. Guy succeeded him and played very steadily, making two threes, two fours, and two single runs; and after Jarvis had made another cut to the off, he was bowled out by Bayley. Garratt came next, but was not so successful, Cobbett lowering his wicket for two runs. Redgate then took the bat, and began hitting in earnest, soon adding 19 to the score, but ultimately a well-delivered ball from Bayley ripped up his stumps. In his score were three threes and two twos. Guy's wicket was disturbed by Cobbett, and Beagley took his place, but was beautifully stumped by Wenman without a run. Pryor took his place, and was a short time in with Redgate. He made two hits to the off, which were stopped, and he went out without a run. Millyard now faced Adams, who had taken the place of Redgate. After Adams had made a hit to the leg, scoring four, the dinner-bell rang, and the parties retired. At the conclusion of the repast Adams made another two, when he was caught at the leg by Sir F. Bathurst. Hillyer was the last at the wicket, and he hit the ball to the off and scored five. Millyard then made a hit off, for which he added four more to the score, but was shortly after caught by Wenmar behind the wicket. Thus closed the innings, 75 runs. The Marylebone then commenced batting, Sewell and the Hon. E. H. Grimston going in first, Lillywhite and Redgate bowling. Both batted in a style which excited the admiration of all present, and even those who we know had speculated against their side joined in the applause. Sewell commenced steadily, but he soon went to work with determination, scoring five runs for a hit to the leg, and a similar number for one to the off. Fifty runs were obtained, and no chance appeared of either retiring, but a trimmer was put in by Lilly, which floored the wicket of Mr. Grimston. C. Taylor, Esq., joined Sewell, but this excellent player was bowled out by Hillyer, without contributing a single run to the score. The great gun Pilch now took the bat, and he lost Sewell, who was run out after scoring thirty-seven. His place was occupied by Wenman, who was bowled out by Hillyer for five runs. Lord Grimston was now called upon to keep company with Pilch, when the latter had his wicket disturbed by Lillywhite for 10 runs, of which there was only two a hit. Sir F. Bathurst now went in, and having obtained seven was run out. Good came next, and having made two fine hits, Adams found out his wicket. G. Langdon, Esq., then made his appearance, and Lord Grimston now made a fine leg hit, which counted four; he was afterwards caught by Box for a score of seven. Cobbett showed next, and when he had fetched five, Adams put a ball into his wicket. Mr Langdon made a truly splendid cut to the off, for which he gained four, but he was unfortunately run out for seven altogether in attempting a hard run. Bayley brought out his bat after marking four. Redgate did not bowl in this innings, he having received a severe hit on the thumb while he was batting. In the course of this innings Caldecourt, one of the umpires, called "No ball" to two of Lillywhite's balls, which gave great offence to the Brightonian. It being nearly eight o'c'ock when the innings terminated, the play was not resumed till the following morning, when the players commenced their second hands, Hillyer and Adams going in first, Bayley bowling the first over, and Cobbett the next. Adams made a tip to the slip, for which he got four runs, but he was given out soon after "leg before the wicket." Beagley succeeded him, and made a hit to the leg, scoring four. Bayley was changed for Good, as Hillyer was batting in admirable style. Beagley was caught by Wenman behind the wicket, after obtaining nine runs. Jarvis occupied his station, and the score presented 48 in number for only two wickets. Bayley was again put on to bowl, and after him Sir F. Bathurst. An excellent hit to the off forward enabled Jarvis to fetch five, and he ultimately went out by one of Sir Frederick's balls. Guy came next and Hillyer now played a ball to the off, and scored six runs, one for the hit, and five for the overthrow. The latter named player continued making some very fine cuts to the off, scoring altogether 32; was bowled out by a ripper from the hand of Sir F. Bathurst. Pryor came next, and Guy being bowled by Cobbett for six, Millyard took his place. Sir Frederick caused Pryor to retire for three Garratt now went in, and by a hit to the leg scored five; and after playing very finely was run out. Box was now called on to do duty, but he only succeeded in adding one to the number. Lillywhite then took the bat, but was caught by Cobbett the first ball. Redgate was the last man, and seemed rather shy in consequence of the punishment he received in the first innings, but he was soon released by the Hon. E. Grimston catching out Millyard. Thus ended the innings of the Players, making a score of 105, and leaving Marylebone 65 runs to tie. The Hon. E. H. Grimston and Bayley resumed the batting, Lillywhite bowling the first over, the second ball of which lowered the wicket of Mr. Grimston, without a run having been obtained. Sewell was called into action, Redgate bowling at the other end, and a regular ripper floored Bayley's stumps. G. Langdon, Esq. then took the bat and made an admirable hit to the off, scoring three. On turning round, however, to hit a ball to the leg, he tipped it into the short slip's hands and went out for a score of five. Lord Grimston was next in succession, and hit a ball into the hands of Pryor, which he dropped. His Lordship afterwards hit finely to the off, and scored four. Sewell now hit a ball to the leg, and was caught by Bayley in good style, he throwing himself on the ground to catch it. Cobbett was the next in, and began hitting with spirit. Lord Grimston also played splendidly, scoring 49 runs between them, thus winning the match with six wickets to spare. His Lordship's last ball scored six, and during his innings he scored two fours and three twos. Cobbett also made a six, two fours, a three, and two twos. The following is the score:—

ENGLAND.	1st inn.		2d inn.
Lillywhite, caught by Wenman	4	caught by Cobbett	0
Box, bowled by Bayley	0	bowled by Bayley	1
Jarvis, bowled by Bayley	10	bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	10
Guy, bowled by Cobbett	16	bowled by Cobbett	6
Garrett, bowled by ditto	2	run out	15
Redgate, bowled by Bayley	19	not out	0
Beagley, stumped by Wenman	0	caught by Wenman	9
Pryor, bowled by Bayley	0	bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	3
Adams, caught by Sir F. Bathurst	7	leg before wicket	5
Millyard, caught by Wenman	10	caught by Hon. E. H. Grimston	3
Hillyard, not out	5	bowled by Sir F. Bathurst	32
Byes, &c.	5	Byes, &c.	21
Total	—78	Total	—105

MARYLEBONE.	1st inn.		2d inn.
Sewell, run out	37	caught by Beagley	7
Hon. E. H. Grimston, bow. by Lillywhite	16	bowled by Lillywhite	0
C. Taylor, Esq. bowled by Hillyer	0		
Pilch, bowled by Lillywhite	10		
Wenman, bowled by Hillyer	5		
Lord Grimston, caught by Box	7	not out	25
Sir F. Bathurst, run out	7		
Good, bowled by Adams	8		
G. Langdon, Esq., run out	7	caught by Beagley	5
Cobbett, bowled by Adams	5	not out	24
Bayley, not out	4	bowled by Redgate	3
Byes, &c.	12	Byes	3
Total	—118	Total	— 67

Bell's Life in London.

COLOR OF THE HORSE.

As almost every man has some favorite color for his horses, and tastes are various as individuals, the color of this animal would be of comparatively little consequence, were it not indicative of the breeding and blood, and of course, in a great measure, of constitution and temper. It has been said that a good horse could not be of a bad color; and in many respects the position is true; still, for the reasons given, there are some colors which experience shows should be preferred. Fashions, however, are mutable, and in no respect are they less permanent than in that of the color of horses. The color of the hair, and that of the skin, is depending on the mucous tissue of network immediately beneath the cuticle, the outer or scarf skin being colorless, and only serving to protect the true skin and its appendages from friction or injury.

The pure white horse is a very rare animal, the majority of those that appear so having once been grey, and growing white after reaching the age of four or five years. Among the Arabians, a pure white mare is considered almost priceless; as in that case the purity of her blood, and her direct descent from the celebrated steed of the prophet cannot be doubted. Those of the best blood are not large, but beautiful in the extreme, and as gentle and docile as lambs. Introduced into Europe, they have proved of good constitutions, little subject to disease, not of the fleetest kind or the greatest endurance, but excellent for light carriages or the saddle.

Grey horses can be found of every shade, from the lightest mixture, or silver grey, to the dark iron grey. The lightest greys show the most clearly their blood of the Arab or barb; are rarely heavy horses, but well built, round bodied, and like those from which they originated, better for the saddle than the harness. The mixture of blood does not, however, appear to have improved their temper, though it certainly has rendered them more hardy. The iron greys have still more endurance than the light greys, and more than their general appearance would indicate, as there is in their build usually quite a departure from the round carcase and close knit frame of the preceding ones. The most common defect in the iron grey is found in the liability of the feet to contraction, which sometimes, though not always, renders them subject to lameness. The dappled grey is usually one of the most beautiful and valuable of the grey horses, being better built than the iron grey, and capable of more endurance than the lighter kinds. For any purpose—for the saddle or the carriage, the farm or the road, there are few better horses than can be found among the dappled greys, and much pains has been taken to improve their blood. A dark dappled grey usually retains his color to old age; the lighter ones grow lighter as they become older. The grey requires to be thoroughly broken, and will bear less trifling with than most other horses; appearing to have a tinge of viciousnesss in his disposition, which, unless checked, is apt to become troublesome with age.

Roan horses are such as have their hair composed of the white, bay, or red, and the black; and it, of course, admits of a great variety of shades. In some roan horses the mixture appears to be a natural one, the hairs of the different colors intermixed, while in other cases the bay or the black appears to have been sprinkled over the others. In such roans the individual hairs are frequently of more than one color. Roans are generally pretty horses, good tempered, but are not remarkable for endurance. The strawberry roan is a mixture of sorrel with white, sometimes handsome, but not calculated for hard labor or severe fatigue. Pied horses are not so well liked as greys or roans, but when well matched, they sometimes appear well as carriage horses. Their value, of course depends on their breed. The cream-colored, or Hanoverian horse, is remarkable for the white iris and red pupil of his eye, and is appropriated to the use of the royal family in England. He has a heavy, yet perfectly formed body, and is a superb animal; but there is no experience to show whether he would be valuable for any other than the light service assigned him.

The dun horse, especially of the larger size, is much esteemed in England as a good farm or miller's horse, constitution and temper good, feeding well, somewhat of a drone in his movements, of tolerable strength, and on the whole a useful horse. Some duns are shaded or dappled with spots of a darker color; and these having better blood, and more action and life, are much sought after as ladies' horses, being both beautiful and manageable. The chesnut horses are divided into three varieties; the lightest, or the sorrel, usually having more or less white on their face or legs, and generally slenderly made. They have, as a whole, little breeding, and are deficient in hardihood. The next variety has less red, and more bay or brown, and is preferred to the former; but though pleasant to ride, is in the harness inclined to be fretful, and of slight endurance, compared with some other horses. The dark chesnut is as different from the foregoing as possible; fine in the leg, round built, powerful in the harness, of an excellent constitution and endurance, little troubled with disease, unless about the feet, but sometimes having a fiery and intractable temper. This kind of horse is much esteemed as a carriage horse, and when well broken, is one of the best of horses on the farm.

Of all colors, however, the bay horse is the most generally and deservedly esteemed, and in their several varieties they include our very best horses of every kind, carriage, road, farm, or turf. Of bays, the lightest colored are considered the least valuable, showing less breeding, and being less hardy. The proper bay horse, with no white about him, black from the knee and the hocks to the feet, the hoofs of a shining black, is the favorite color, has generally a good constitution, rarely affected with bad or tender hoofs, and if not faulty in other respects, will turn out a valuable horse for almost every purpose. As the bay approaches the brown, there is usually less show and action, but increased strength and hardiness; and for hard farm work, perhaps more usefulness. This class has usually more substance than the lighter bays, and were the same pains taken in breeding, might be made as handsome a horse, and for ordinary purposes, more valuable.

Brown is not a fashionable color, and no horses, as a body, have so little breeding as these. Owing to this, they are comparatively coarse animals; and though there are some excellent horses among the browns, as a whole, they are only calculated for slow work. The black brown has been more neglected than the common brown, and in making choice of them they require to be examined closely. Some of them have the constitution and good qualities of the bay brown, and where this blood is found, few horses are to be preferred.

The black horse has always been a great favorite, and more pains have been taken in breeding than with many others. The heavy black Lincolnshire horse, principally used in London as a dray horse, is a noble animal in the harness, and could he be rendered more active, would be invaluable where power and endurance are required. With the exception of the best shade of bays, the black horses, next in size to the Lincolnshire breed, constitute the best horse for the farmer, or the ordinary uses of the carriage or road. The good qualities of these horses have been established by breeding; but of the other varieties of the black horse, there are multitudes of worthless ones all over the country. Owing to the common black horse being so often a poor creature, some have asserted that animals of this color were more vicious, and more subject to disease and blindness than other horses.

Every worker, or breeder of horses, must be, however, aware, that all conclusions derived from the color of a horse, are liable to be overthrown by fact, so far as individuals are concerned; good horses being found in all the classes enumerated; still, as a whole, there can be no doubt that color forms no inconsiderable criterion by which to judge of the capabilities and value of the horse. With the exception of the pure white, the lighter shades of each variety appear to have less breeding, and be more liable to disease, than the darker ones. They are also more tender, and not so capable of enduring fatigue, or hard labor, or usage. It may be remarked, that white legs and white hoofs are always suspicious signs, usually indicating a poor constitution, animals that are tender-footed, or very liable to become so. Horses with white feet suffer more from scratches or chapped skin than horses with darker colored feet or legs; and a white nosed horse will frequently have the white part a mere scab, from feeding among plants having acrid or irritating juices, such as the Johnswort, while the other parts remain perfectly smooth and healthy.

Genesee Farmer.

NOTICES OF IMPROVED FARM STOCK.

Having recently made something of an excursion through different parts of our glorious old state, (New York.) I could not but be struck, by the marked improvement that has taken place within a very few years in its farm stock. A new era seems at last to have begun in this highly important department of agriculture, and those enterprising breeders, who in the nobleness of their hearts, and the disinterestedness of their zeal, first set the example in the laudable undertaking of rearing and diffusing an improved stock, are now beginning to see their efforts crowned with success, and themselves well remunerated for their toils and outlays. May the spirit of improvement continue to spread, till New York can point with the same pride and exultation, to her numerous and high bred herds and flocks, as she now does, to her great commerce and manufactures. Her climate is healthy and reasonably amenable, her soil rich and fertile, and by means of her varied and extensive commerce, every quarter of the globe lies open to her, thereby giving an advantage at importation of improved animals from abroad, that no other state possesses. Why should she not take that rank then at once, in this business, that her position and resources would so fully enable her to do? I cannot think that the wealthy and enterprising farmers of the Empire State will rest supinely much longer, but that they will soon arouse to the good work so well begun, and universally add their own strength and power to it.

The ever increasing and fertile west will afford us a market for a half century to come, and by that time, new regions, now unthought of, will have been opened, supplying new avenues of wants—besides wealth is greatly on the increase with us, and refinement and luxury must necessarily follow, as accompanyments, and why should it not then be expended as liberally in fine animals, as fine horses, furniture, and clothes? Depend upon it, that the farmer who possesses the best bred stock, will soon be the most fortunate man; let him object then no longer to paying high prices, when he is sure to get them back again, with exorbitant interest. No one hesitates at paying $50 or more per acre for land, that a few years ago sold for $10, and why? Because the improvements on and around it, have made it that more valuable, and there is probably more money to be annually realized therefrom, at the former price, than there was originally at the latter.

I have seen a good many single Durham bulls, at different places on my route, and other choice males, such as bucks, boars, horses, &c., but it would extend my notices to too great a length, were I to attempt to particularize. Suffice it to say, that they are generally well patronized, and have proved sources of a good income to their owners, and of great improvement to those who avail themselves of their services. I found that several of these animals, though costing high prices, have paid for themselves in their services at one neighbourhood in a single season; this certainly is encouraging, and shows the profits of the business

Among the larger stocks, the first I visited, was that of Mr. Rotch, of Butternutts, Otsego county, and I may speak of it with the more freedom, inasmuch as he has made up his mind, not to part with a single female from his Durhams for two years at least. I think Mr. R. decidedly the most scientific breeder of any that I have the pleasure of being acquainted with, and his opportunities of studying this great art, have been probably superior to that of other American gentlemen; he having long resided in the neighbourhood, and associated with England's great stock dealers, with a reference to perfect himself in this knowledge. He is now engaged in breeding, more for the love of it, and the pleasure that the sight of improved animals gives him, than with a view of adding to his pecuniary interests.

At first sight, his herd perhaps would appear no ways superior to many others, but when one comes to approach and handle the animals, they show that the right direction has been taken. The great essentials are first secured, then come those nice points, that a judge of good breeding only can appreciate. The fine limbs, the flesh that covers them, showing how easily it is taken on, the broad udder, the well developed milk veins, the mellow and yet firm handling, the mild eye, betokening the quiet, placid disposition, in short, a general harmony of parts, and all combining with so much good constitution, and so great freedom from a positive defect, that I must confess myself struck with high admiration. Of the cows, Stella may be the most fashionable and airy, but for downright good solid parts, and yet great beauty of form and color, a bright red, Hesper seemed to me the queen of the herd. Of his stock bull Archer, I will only say, go see him walk, and if you do not come back with a high idea of barn ard aristocracy, then I am no judge in a "talk, sir, upon cattle." Could his rogeny speak, like the Cæsar's soldiers, they would be saluting him with the tle of Imperator, a name that he would most worthily bear and honour. Ar- ier was out of Mr. R.'s magnificent old imported cow Adeliza, selected in Eng- nd by himself.

The Devons I found very beautiful, their color like a piece of changeable mson velvet, or well burnished mahogany. These were selected by his friend, . Ellman, from the celebrated herd of the Duke of Norfolk. The Devons ke the best and quickest of working oxen, and are an admirable breed for t soils, and short pastures. Their beef is well marbled and delicate, supe- even to that of the Durhams. They are in England an original race, alike iful, thrifty, and hardy. The northern parts of the U. S. ought to grow n in preference to any other breed, as best adapted to the taste and wants of habitants, their soil and climate. Select breeders in England get very high s for them, and with proper care in choosing their stock animals, have succed in making them good milkers. For my part, I greatly admire a single c or two with the Durhams. From cows of this breed I have seen the rich- ilk, and nearly of the consistency of cream. They are airy in shape, and ty head and horns, reminding one of Virgil's description of the stags his fa ed hero slew—

> ———— *Capita alta ferentes*
> *Cornibus arboreis, sternit.*

ir heads high borne with lofty branching horns.

no conception what a South Down was, till I visited Otsego. Such be of form, and finishing of outline, I never before saw in sheep. These we ported from the flocks of that superior breeder of this admirable race, the Mr. Ellman, who has usually carried off the prizes of England. One of 's bucks cost him $200 to import as a lamb. Mr. E. sold the brother of t England for 60 guineas ($300). So gentle are they bred, as to run up a wn upon one in entering their pasture, like petted dogs. At a little dista with their dark brockled faces and feet, they reminded me of Egyptian mute white dresses and bare legs. These sheep are very hardy, quick feeders, p breeders, with good weight of fleece, and the wool about equal to half o e-fourths blood Merino. Their mutton is the best in the world, lean, tender nearly resembling venison. The best Down wedders in England. are fed 0lbs. per quarter. Mr. R doubts whether they will come up so high as that here—I will add, for the reason that we should not probably be as attentive about food. In size however they stand second only to the Leicesters. The same remarks as to climate, soil, &c., that I made of the Devons, will suit the South Downs. They are also admirable for crossing with other sheep, especially when hardiness and constitution are sought after. Mr. R. has some excellent crosses thus made with the Merinos and Leicesters.

His Berkshire boar, bred by the Messrs. Brentnalls, is one of the best animals I know in America—large, thick, deep and fine, and a most excellent stock getter. The sow, Fanny Kemble, will go weight for inches, with any thing I have yet seen; I think her very superior in the hams and shoulders, and just the size to suit me; my own ideas being for *fine* rather than *large*, in any animal but a dray horse, and here I would have *fine* too, if I could.

Mr. Adcock's Leicester Sheep are most admirably bred, very nice in their points, and yet of great weights. There is much other valuable stock in the neighborhood, for the introduction and encouragement of the growth of which, Otsego is principally indebted to Mr. Rotch. The residence of such a man in a community of farmers, is of incalculable advantage to them, and the Butternutts is now reaping a rich reward for its enterprize, in so early embarking in the growing of an improved stock.

To the lovers of nice animals, picturesque hills, clear streams, and charming vallies, I commend a visit to Otsego. Here also is classic ground. The savage murdering in the times of the revolution in Cherry Valley, the home of "The Pioneers," and the residence of their gifted author, the scenes of his glory and triumph are spread out before him. There is the clear deep lake, sleeping sweetly at the base of its wild forest clad hills and mountains, there is the noble Susquehannah, swelling from its bosom an ever running fountain of pellucid waters, now first taking up their long and devious course, for the stormy Chesapeake, and there—but gentle reader I must stop. We set out to look at pigs and poultry; these therefore must be the continuation of our theme, and though the talk thereof may not be quite so *interesting* as the young ladies, Heaven bless them, would have it, still it is by far the most profitable, and will be pursued in our next.

A. B. A.

Buffalo, August 17. Genesee Farmer.

HORSES *vs.* OXEN.

MR. TUCKER,—In looking over, recently, an odd number of the New York Farmer, I met with the following extract, from the pen of the Hon. Levi Lincoln, in a letter to John Hare Powel, Esq, of Philadelphia, on the training of oxen for work; and the comparison between horses and oxen, for agricultural purposes. On the latter point he remarks:—

"In respect to what oxen are made to do in a short time, or as an experiment upon their strength, I must refer you to the results of our ploughing matches. With us (New England) they are but little used upon the road, except in the transportation of heavy loads for short distances, in the same town, or between neighboring towns. One reason why horses are preferred for wagoning on the road, may be that they can be made to travel quicker, and that from the construction of the hoof, they are less liable to lameness than the cloven-footed ox, by becoming foot-sore. On the other hand, the patient and steady labor of the ox finds no substitute in the horse for the service of the farm; and the latter is seldom seen there except in the occasional aid of the ox team, or with the light plough between the rows of corn. The value of a yoke of oxen, or a pair of horses, for use in all the business of a farm, admits of no comparison. So decided is the preference for the former, that I do not believe a single farmer can be found in this extensive agricultural country who performs his labor by horses, without oxen, while there are *hundreds*, I had almost said *thousands*, who make no other use of horses in husbandry than to furrow for planting, and plough among their corn for hoeing.

"Our oxen are kept in a cheaper and less expensive manner than horses."

I beg you will excuse me if you think I have been extravagant in my quotation. The subject is certainly an important one when we remember that an almost incredible amount of labor is necessary to be performed by one or the other, for farming purposes. I would like here, had I time, to notice some of the reasons assigned by farmers for substituting the horse (which has become so general) for the ox for their business. The most prominent one, however, I beg briefly to notice. "Their *incapacity* to labor in warm weather." If the weather is excessively warm, certainly it would be an objection, at least while it continued. If oxen were properly managed even then they might be made to perform quite as much as the horse. But, Mr. Tucker, I imagine the weather is no warmer, and the days no longer, the difficulties and obstacles to be overcome not half so great, as they were 20 or more years since. The *fault*, I reckon, is not with the oxen, that they are less serviceable *now* than they were in the settlement of this country, or for many centuries, but with the age, I mean "*men and things*." We are all becoming quite too *furious* in all we attempt. Farmers and others are too much inclined to keep pace with rail-road cars, our beautiful steamboats, &c. &c. Another time, perhaps, I will tell you how we ought all to *move, and how to do it*. I beg leave to submit the following estimate of the expense of keeping both horses and oxen, with the original cost, together with the necessary utensils for each:—

Cost of oxen, say	$110 00
Interest on the same	7 50
Cart, yoke, and chain	50 00
Shoeing	6 00
Feed for 4 months, half bushel each per day, worth 20 cents per bushel, consisting of bran, shorts, potatoes and corn	24 00
Three tons of hay each per year, $6	36 00
	$233 50

Cost of horses, $90 each	180 00
Interest on the same	12 00
Cost of harness	18 00
Wagon (complete)	65 00
Shoeing	8 00
Feed for five months, fifteen quarts each per day, at 31 cents per bushel	57 00
Ditto for 2 months, 3 quarts each per day, 31 cents per bushel	4 13
Two tons of hay each, $6	12 00
	$356 73

If the above estimate is correct, we find a difference of about $123 in the expense of keeping a single team for the year—quite too large an item to be disregarded by the farmer, as in ten years it amounts to $1230. A similar sum saved in other ways added together, would enable almost any farmer to give a son a classical education. The horse is, all are aware, and all will admit, much more subject to disease than the ox, and is often i es in this way rendered of but little or no value, consequently, the balance must be much in favor of the Ox.

Genesee Farmer.

KENDALL COURSE FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 over this Course will take place, as usual, on the second Tuesday, the 8th October, and continue five days, to wit:—

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit; to close on the 1st September next; three or more to make a race. Now one subscriber.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson.

Same day—A Sweepstakes as above, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Now 2 subs.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson | David McDaniel

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, that never started in a public race, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h ft.; four or more a race; to name and close 1st September. Now 2 subs., viz.:

Col. Wm. R. Johnson | David McDaniel

Third day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the second best horse, if more than two start; if but two, the winner to receive $700; if but one, $500; Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $600, $200 of which goes to second best horse, if more than two start; if but two the winner to receive $400; if but one, $300. Three mile heats.

Fifth day—A Colt's Purse $200, Two mile heats, free only for colts having been beaten during the week, $25 entrance, to be added to the purse; the second best Colt, if more than two start, to receive $50 out of the Purse.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. Entrance to the above Purse, 5 per cent. The entry will be made on the day preceding each day's race, by 12 o'clock, M., in order that they may be announced from the stand after each day's race.

The Course will be put in extra good order. Stables and litter will as usual, be furnished to race horses, free of charge. The Course has been recently measured with two Ten Foot Rods, and found to be over a mile; of which, proper notice will be given in the "Spirit of the Times."

The following Stakes are now open to be run over this Course, to wit:

The SEWELL STAKES, for 3 year olds, to run Spring Meeting, 1840, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft., with the privilege of declaring off by the 1st May next, by paying $50; to name and close 1st January next. Now three subs., to wit:

1. Col. Chas. S. Sewell names b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Imp. Corinna.
2. Josiah Lee names b. c. by Childers, out of Brunette by Telegraph.
3. J. V. Wagner.

Also, the PETE WHETSTONE STAKES, to run Spring Meeting, 1841, with 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit. To name and close 1st January, 1840. Now 6 subs., to wit:

1. C. F. M. Noland names f. by Imp. Cetus, out of Nell Gwynne by Rattler.
2. Edward H. Pentleton names b. c. by Andrew, out of Miss Phillips by Sussex.
3. Jas. B. Kendall.
4. Col. Francis Thompson.
5. Wm. T. Mason names b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla, Jr.
6. David McDaniel.

The Proprietor begs leave to call the particular attention of Racers and Breeders to the foregoing Stakes, and hopes he will not be disappointed in having them well filled. Letters addressed to the Proprietor, post marked, on or before the closing of the stake, will be in due time.

JAS. B. KENDALL, *Proprietor.*

Kendall Course, August 16, 1839.—[aug 24-3t]

BUCKEYE STAKE.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Buckeye Stake," on the first day of the Spring Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Mile heats, for colts and fillies to be three years old the respective dates, $300 entrance, $100 ft., to name and close the 1st day of January in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Washington Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 1st day October, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; to name and close 1st Sept.; three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $200, Two mile heats, free for all ages.

Second day—A Produce Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. W. Duvall names produce of Thistle and Mons. Tonson.
2. Wm. D. Bowie names produce of Blue Bell and Imp. Apparition
3. C. S. W. Dorsey names produce of a Young Oscar mare and Critic
4. Thos. F. Bowie names produce of Abby Rattler and Imp. Autocrat
5. Geo. S. Sprigg names produce of Nancy Norwood and Imp. Autocrat
6. D. Crawford names produce of a Zingance mare and Marylander
7. Y. N. Oliver names produce of a Mark Anthony mare and Duke of Orleans
8. W. W. W. Bowie names produce of Lady Amelia and Imp. Autocrat
9. Wm. N. Dorsett names produce of Fanny Wright and Imp. Autocrat
10. John H. S. Sothoron names produce of Maid of Patuxent and Imp. Autocrat
11. T. R. S. Boyce names produce of Apricot and Imp. Apparition.
12. Roderick McGregor names produce of Ellen and Imp. Autocrat
13. Hon. D. Jennifer names *Scylla*, produce of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo, and Imp. Autocrat

Same day—Proprietor's Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

Third day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close as above.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats, free for all ages.

Fourth day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race: to name and close as above.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free for all ages, ent. $25, to be added to the Purse. Entrance 5 per cent. All the above purses will be paid without discount.

EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

N.B. Persons wishing to make entries to the above sweepstakes, will please addres. the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va., or Wm. Holmead, at the course. [aug 3]

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting, over the *Norfolk Course*, will commence on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50, with an inside stake of $1000 each, P.P Now three entries, and closed, to wit:

Wm. R. Johnson. | O. P. Hare. | Edw. J. Wilson.

Fourth day—A Citizens' Purse $400, Three mile heats, free for all ages.

The above purses payable without discount.

[aug 3] EDW. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT HORNS.

MR. WHITAKER'S third sale of high bred improved Short Horns, by the Ship Napier, will be held at Powelton, near Philadelphia, on Friday, the 20th September, 1839, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Subscriber is authorised by Col. Powell to state, that all the best cattle which he has at any time imported, and the improved Short Horns which he considered the best in England, were either in Mr. Whitaker's possession, or were derived from his fold. Col. Powell has not the slightest interest in Mr. Whitaker's sales.

C. J. WOLBERT, Auctioneer.

Philadelphia, July 15th, 1839.—[jy 20]

THE COLUMBIA S. C. ANNUAL RACES

WILL commence on the 4th Monday, 25th November, 1839, and continue throughou the week, viz:

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. f.; closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. Hampton names produce of Pocahontas and Argyle
2. Also, produce of Imp. mare Emma and Camel
3. J. S. Preston names produce of Imp. mare Tears and Imp. Defence
4. B. F. Taylor names produce of Betsey Robins and Argyle
5. P. M. Butler names produce of Betsey Hare and Mons. Tonson
6. J. H. Hammond names produce of Symmetry and Mons. Tonson
7. J. S. Shelton names produce of Isora and Argyle
8. James H. Adams names produce of Contention mare Barbara and Mons. Tonson
9. J. R. Spann names produce of Grey Girl and Imp. Chateau Margaux
10. Also, produce of Julia and Mucklejohn
11. J. Moore names produce of Locadia and Imp. Nonplus
12. W. Scott names produce of Vanity and Argyle
13. P. McRa names produce of Financier mare and Imp. Nonplus
14. Also, produce of Kosciusko mare and Imp. Nonplus
15. D. F. Myers names produce of Spread Eagle and Argyle
16. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Mons. Tonson
17. James B. Richardson names produce of Gohanna and Imp. Nonplus
18. P. Fitzsimmons names produce of Hetewan and Imp. Tranby
19. A. W. Roach names produce of Jessamine and Argyle
20. W. J. Taylor names produce of Lodoiska and Argyle
21. Thomas H. Henderson names produce of Pacolet mare and Alborack
22. W. L. Lewis names produce of Minna Brenda and Imp. Nonplus
23. John C. Singleton names produce of Phenomina and Imp. Nonplus
24. Also, produce of Lottery and Imp. Nonplus
25. W. L. Lewis names produce of Armand and Argyle

Same day—Hampton Plate, Two mile heats.

Second day—Four mile heats

Third day—Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Post Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each.

Same day—A Colt Stake for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 ft.; three or more to make a race; to close on the 1st of October next. The Gate-money of the day will be awarded to the winner.

JOHN C. O'HANLON, *Proprietor.*

P.S. The amount of PURSES will be advertised hereafter. [jy 27]

FAUQUIER WHITE SULPHUR SPRING RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Victoria Course* will take place on Tuesday, 3d September, within half a mile of the Springs.

First day—Purse $150, ent. $10, Mile heats.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, sub. $100 each, half forfeit; to name and close the evening preceding the first day's race.

Second day—Purse $250, ent. $15. Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—A Post Stake for 4 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft., to name and close the evening of the fourth day's race.

The above purses will be put up in cash at the stand by the Fauquier White Sulphur Spring Company.

SAMUEL SHELTON.
ARTHUR M. PAYNE.

N.B. Good stables and litter furnished gratis. Newmarket Rules to govern. [jy 27]

SWEEPSTAKES, CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to come off over this course during the Fall Meeting of 1839.—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, $200 ft., Two mile heats; four or more to make a race; now four subs.; to close the 1st Sept.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $200, h. ft., three or more to make a race; free only for 3 yr. olds that never won a race. To close the 1st Sept. Now three subscribers.

Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds Fall Meeting, 1839, Four mile heats, sub. $500 each, h.ft.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct. Now two subs.

Inside Stake, free for all ages Fall Meeting, 1839, on the day of the Jockey Club Purse (and for the Jockey Club Purse), Four mile heats; to name at the Post, sub. $2000 each, P.P.; three or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs.

July 19th, 1839.—[jy 20] WM. N. FRIEND, *Proprietor.*

FOR SALE,

THE Club boat SPARK, 38 feet long, with a flat keel; draws a light draft of water, 14 months old, in good order, built by Benj. Shamburg; she rows fast, and her present owners are willing to back her against any boat of her length that is built at the present time, for $250.

For further particulars inquire of CHARLES GRIFFEN, corner of South and Walnut streets. [Aug. 22-3t*]

MULBERRY COURSE (Va.) RACES.

WE the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 yr. old; Two mile heats; Sub. $ 00 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close the 1st day of October next.

We the subscribers agree to run a sweepstake colt race over the Mulberry Course, at the Fall meeting of 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Mile heats—Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race, to name and close on the 1st day of October next.

The Fall meeting on the Mulberry Course will come off as usual, on the fourth Tuesday, the 22d of October.

WM. McCARGO, Proprietor.

Fredericksburg, Va., Aug. 1, 1839.—[Aug. 10-10t.]

SWEEPSTAKES.—OPELOUSAS, LA.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to come off over the Belle View Course, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will probably take place the last week in October.

1. For 3 year olds, subscription $500, h. ft., Mile heats—to close September 1st.
2. For 3 year olds, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
3. For 2 year olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats—to close Sept. 1st.
4. Post Stake—for horses of unmixed Creole blood, all ages, feather weights—sub. $150, P.P., Mile heats—to close October 1st. Horses from Spanish mares to be considered as Creoles.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to any of the above stakes, can do so by sending their nominations by mail, addressed to

[aug10.] Capt. D. S. PARRISH, Sec'y. pro tem, Opelousas, La.

STAKES, PICTON COURSE, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1840, to run Fall Meeting of 1842, Mile heats, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 15th of November, 1839. Notes and security are required for the forfeit in all cases.

1. John Nicholls names produce of Columbia Taylor, by Medley, and Imp. Leviathan.
2. Richard Yarborough names produce of Bellona, by Stockholder, and Imp. Leviathan.
3. Wm. E Long names produce of Fanny Hill, by Stockholder, and Jerry.

2. Kinterbish Stake, free for colts and fillies (the get of horses standing in Sumter or the adjoining counties,) dropped Spring of 1840, to run Spring of 1843, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st Jan., 1841.

1. Wm. B. Ochiltree names a colt or filly the get of Pactolus.
2. Kader B. Stallings " " " " "
3. John Long names colt or filly, the get of Jerry.
4. Wm. E. Long " " " "
5. Richard Yarborough names colt or filly, the get of Pactolus.
6. James S. Jackson names colt or filly, the get of Pulaski.

3. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yr. old Spring of 1839, to run during the regular Fall Meeting, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 1st of Sept., 1839.

A. M. Jewell.

4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $200 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

5. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring of 1840, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan., 1840. To run during Spring Meeting.

A. M. Jewell.

6. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 yrs. old Spring 1840, to run during regular Fall Meeting, 1840, Three mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft.; three or more to make a race. To name and close by 4th of Jan., 1840.

All entries to the above Sweepstakes must be addressed to the Secretary at Livingston, Sumter Co., Alabama, and they will meet with prompt attention.

J. J. JEWELL,
Secretary Livingston Jockey Club.

June 23, 8139.—[jy 13]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - -	Lafayette Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Dec.
ABERDEEN, Ky. - - -	Huntingdon Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 9th Sept.
BUFFALO, N. Y. - - -	Fall Meeting (of three days), 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
BALTIMORE, Md. - -	Kendall Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
BOONVILLE, Mo. - - -	and New Franklin, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
BEAN'S STATION, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - -	and Philadelphia J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
CINCINNATI, Ohio - -	Buckeye Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Sept.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - -	Pactolus Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
CROSS KEYS, Va. - - -	Southampton County, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
COLUMBIA S. C. - - -	Jockey Club Annual Meeting, 4th Monday, 25th Nov.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - -	Western Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C., F. Meeting, 4th Tuesday, Oct. 22
FORT SMITH, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
FRANKFORT, Ky. - - -	Capitol Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
GREENVILLE, S. C. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 24th Sept.
GALVESTON, Texas -	Jockey Club Meeting, 3d Saturday, 21st Dec.
HUNTINGDON, L. C. -	Somerville's Course, 2d Friday, 13th Sept.
HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss.	A Meeting will be held during the Fall season.
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo.	Woodland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th Sept.
KINGSTON, U. C. - - -	Annual Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" "	Great Sweepstakes of 10 subs., at $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats, on the last day of Sept., the 30th.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - -	Association Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - -	Picton Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Oct.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 2 m. h., *Czarina* vs. *Cleopatra*, 1st day.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - -	Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MECKLENBURG Co., Va.	Buffalo Course, J. C., Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, Oct. 8.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
MACON, Ga. - - - - -	Central Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Monday, 21st Oct.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - -	and Portsmouth J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
NEW ORLEANS, La. -	Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW FRANKLIN, Mo.	and Boonville J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 9th Oct.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. -	Jockey Club First Fall Meeting, 3d Thursday, 19th Sept.
" "	Jockey Club Second Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
NEW YORK CITY - -	Union Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
" " "	Beacon Course, N. J., Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
" " "	Centreville Trotting Course, Sweepstakes first week in Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 13th Nov.
" "	Match, $500 a side, P.P., between the 2 yr. olds of Messrs. Bingaman and Raiby, Nov. 11.
" "	Sweepstakes of seven subs. at $500 each, for 2 yr. olds, Nov. 12.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
PETERSBURG, Va. - -	Newmarket Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Sept.
PITTSYLVANIA C. H. Va.	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 25th Sept.
ROBEYSVILLE, Md. -	Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
RAYMOND, Miss. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, about the 1st of Nov.
" "	Match, $1000 a side, *Leesburg* vs. *Red Bone*, Wednesday, 30th Oct.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - -	State Course, Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Nov.
ROME, Ga. - - - - - -	Western Course, Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SELMA, Ala. - - - - -	Central Course, 2d Tuesday, 12th Nov.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 2d Monday, 14th Oct.
SPRINGFIELD, Ala. -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Oct.
SALT SULPHUR SPRINGS, Va.	J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Aug.
TRENTON, N. J. - - -	Eagle Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d Oct.
VAN BUREN, Arks. - -	Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.
WASHINGTON, D. C. -	National Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Oct.

Recipe.—The following recipe is said to be an infallible cure for cramp cholic. Take the white of an egg frothed, a table spoonful of brandy to a wine-glass of hot water, mix, and grate plentifully with nutmeg. Exchange paper.

If that isn't regular egg-nog than we have forgotten how the article is made. N. O. Picayune.

Snuff.—The editor of the American Traveller thinks that the best snuff tn the world is a snuff of the morning air.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Fall Meeting over the above Course, will commence on Tuesday, October 22d, 1839, and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday), a sweepstake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100.

1. David M'Daniel names ch. f. Ildica by Pacific, out of Delila by Sir Archy.
2. James B. Kendall names gr. f. by Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna.
3. Col. Wm R. Johnson names ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Maria West.
4. James K. Van Mater names ch. c. Passaic, by Reveller.
5. Also, " " " br. c. Mercer by Emilius.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which never won a race, sub. $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of the dam of Catherine Davis.
2. David M'Daniel names ch. c. by Imp. Contract, dam by Napoleon.
3. James K. Van Mater names br. c. Mercer, by Emilius.
4. Also, " " " bl. c. Cumberland, by Camel.

Second day (Wednesday), a Purse of $1500, Four mile heats.

Same day, a sweepstake for 3 year olds which shall not have won a race previous to closing this stake. Sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats.

1. A. V. Conover names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Sister to Manalopan.
2. David Toms names b. c. by Marshal Ney, dam by John Richards.
3. Joseph H. Van Mater names b. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Solomon.

Third day (Thursday), a purse of $1000, Three mile heats.

Same day, a Purse of $200, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday), a purse of $600, Two mile heats.

Same day, a Purse, Mile heats.

One third of each of the above purses to go to the second best, if more than *one* start,—if but *one* all to go to the winner.

When the rules of the Northern Turf do not designate the second best, the horse that is second in the last heat, will be so considered.

Entries for all purses will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race, at *nine* o'clock, A. M.—entrance 5 per cent.

A list of the entries for each purse can be seen in New York; at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, Astor House, Washington Hall, and Park Hotel, on the day previous to each race, immediately after the arrival of the morning line of Cars from Philadelphia, and in the Sun, Herald, and Era, on the morning of each race; also at the principal Hotels of Philadelphia, on the evening previous to each race, and in the principal Philadelphia Papers on the morning of each race.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern states, can rely on securing good stables for race-horses, by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

☞ As the New Jersey and Pennsylvania railroads have brought the Eagle Course within a few hours ride of New York and Philadelphia, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than have heretofore been on any course *North of Louisiana.* O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J. September 6th, 1839.—[sept 7]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE following TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off over the above course, the first week in Oct. next.

1st Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse. Twenty five dollars entrance, and fifty dollars added by the Proprietor.

2d Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, for horses that never won a purse over $50; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.

3d Stake, Two mile heats, under the saddle, for horses that never won a purse over $100; $25 entrance, and $50 added by the Proprietor.

4th Stake, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all horses; $50 entrance, and $100 added by the Proprietor.

In either of the above stakes three or more entries to make a race. The above stakes will close on Saturday, the 28th instant, on or before 8 o'clock. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor at Barker's Hotel, 2d door above the Park Theatre. In the event of a horse's walking over for either stake, no addition to it will be made by the Proprietor. JOEL CONKLIN.

Centreville, L. I., Sept. 5th, 1839.—[sept 7]

NASHVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence on Monday, the 30th of September, 1839, with the following Sweepstakes and Purses:—

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, P. P., Two mile heats. Six subscribers, viz.:

1. Arnold Russell names b. c. *John Pleasants*, by Rattler, out of Aramanta, by Jerry
2. W. G. Harding names b. c. *Alpha*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliette, by Kosciusko
3. Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson
4. Chas. Bosley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard
5. Wilson & Nichol name gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific
6. Stakely Donelson names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 forfeit, Two mile heats. Eighteen subs., viz.:

1. Hugh Kirkman names br. c. *Onalaska*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Wacousta
2. L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam
3. Henry Baldwin, jr., names b. c. *Ellenborough*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Bateman
4. W. W. Gift names ch. c. *Governor Poindexter*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie
5. D. Hardeman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw, by Shawnee
6. A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Mambrino, out of Bellepeine by Imp. Strap
7. John S. Bryant names ch. f. *Cowlet*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab
8. Head & Wooden name ch. c. *Geo. W. Cheatham*, by Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson
9. Geo. W. Cheatham names br. f. *Ellen Call*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles
10. N. Davis names b. c. *Bissextile*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover by Sir Charles
11. Livingston Leavell names ch. c. *James Jackson*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger
12. James M. Newman names b. c. *Attila*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Kate Blevins by Conqueror
13. A. B. Newsam names br. c. *Tom Leefe*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant
14. Samuel Ragland names b. c. *John Randolph*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parrot by Roanoke
15. Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar
16. Jas. Jackson names Imp. ch. f. *Mango*, by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius
17. Also, gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Gallopade by Imp. Catton
18. Jas. Kirkman names Imp. b. c. *Riddlesworth*, by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $400. Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Sixth day—Proprietors' Purse, for the entrance money of the preceding days, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. SAMUEL & JOHN CARTER, *Proprietors.*

Nashvile, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1839.—[Sept. 7]

DURHAM CATTLE FOR SALE.

SHORT HORNED DURHAM CATTLE of pure blood, bred by Charles Henry Hall, of New York, comprising Bulls, Cows, and Heifers of all ages. In point of excellence, the Proprietor of these cattle will not hesitate to compete at any Fair with those lately imported from England, or any other bred in this country. Their size, beauty of form, and milking properties, are seldom equalled.

Some of these animals have taken Premiums, and among them the Gold and Silver Medals of the American Institute, for two successive years.

For terms, examination, and pedigrees, apply to the subscriber at Greenbush, Rensselaer County, where the animals are; or to Daniel A. Webster, No. 67 State Street, Albany. WILLIAM DEENY, *Agent.*

Greenbush, Sept. 2, 1839.—[sept7]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE races over this Course will commence on the 29th day of October, being the week after the Trenton Races.

First day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds that never won a race at the time of entry, Mile heats, subscription $50 each, P. P. The Proprietors will give $50 to the second best, if more than three start. To name and close by the first day of October, and three or more to make a race.

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, of which $50 will be given to the second best.

Second day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds. Mile heats, sub. $100 each, $25 forfeit; three or more to make a race, and the second best to draw one fourth of the stakes; to name and close by first day of October.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, of which $100 will be given to the second best.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats, of which $200 will be given to the second best.

And the Proprietors propose to the owners of Hornblower, Job, Fordham, and Wonder, or any three of them, that if they will enter into an inside stake of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, the purse shall be made, as to them, $1000, and the second best of them shall receive $250 extra.

Some Mile heat purses may be offered during the meeting, of which due notice will be given. All entries for Sweepstakes to be made by letter, directed to D. H. Branch, New York City. Entries for purses to be made by 1 o'clock, on the day preceding the race. BY THE PROPRIETORS

New York, Sept. 3, 1839.—[sept 7]

HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

THE Highland Society having made arrangements with the Proprietor of the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, will hold their *fourth Annual Sportive Meeting* at the above place, on the second Monday of September next, when prizes will be awarded to the successful competitors at the following ancient Highland Games, viz.:—To the best at

The Broad Sword Exercise—A Sword Belt, silver mounted.
Putting the Stone, (22lbs. weight)—A Sporran Moloch.
Tossing the Cabar—Waist Belt, silver mounted.
Throwing the Sledge (14lbs. weight)—A splendid Silver Broach.
Running Jump—A Plaid.
Standing Jump—A pair of Hose.
Leaping over a Bar—A Highland Bonnet.
Foot Race—A pair of Brogues.
Dancing the Highland Fling—A pair of elegant Silver Shoe Buckles.

As no person will be allowed to compete for any of the Prizes, except members, in the full Highland costume, those wishing to join the Society can make application at the next Social Meeting, to be held at the Shakspeare Hotel, corner of William and Duane streets, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 4th, at 8 o'clock, P.M. JAMES DRYSDALE, *Chief.*

W. T. LEITCH, *Secretary.*—[sept 7-1t*]

NEW ORLEANS RACES, METARIE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes, to be run over the *Metarie Course*, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, which will take place 2d Wednesday in December, are still open.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $300 each, $200 forfeit, to be run the last day of the Meeting; four or more to make a race; to close 15th October, 1839. Now three subscribers, viz.:

Thos. J. Wells
A. L. Bingaman
Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st Nov., 1839; to be run first day of the Meeting. Now two subs., viz.:

A. L. Bingaman
Wm. J. Minor

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run first day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $500 each, $300 ft.; four or more to make a race; to be run last day of Spring Meeting, 1840; to close 1st Feb., 1840.

Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; to be run Spring Meeting, 1843, Two mile heats, sub. $2000 each, $500 ft.; four or more to make a race; to close 1st April, 1840. Now 14 subs.

Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1839, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, $300 ft.; to be run Fall Meeting of 1841, four or more to make a race. Colts to carry 70lbs., fillies 3lbs. less; to close 1st Feb., 1840. Now one subscriber, viz.:

Alexander Barrow

Breeders and Turfites wishing to subscribe, will address the Secretary of the Metarie Jockey Club, New Orleans.

RICHARD ADAMS,
JAMES S. GARRISON, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, 1st Sept. 1839.—[sept 7-tde 1]

NEW YORK RACES, UNION COURSE, L. I.

THE races over the *Union Course*, Long Island, will commenceon the first Tuesday in October, and continue three days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 ft. Seven subscribers, and closed, viz.:

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Imp. Barefoot
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Imp. Barefoot
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark
5. Also, produce of Meg Dods and Shark
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Shark
7. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse

Same day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats, free only for 3 year olds that never won a race, ent. $20. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by the 20th of September.

Third day—Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Of the above purses, the sums of $50, $100, and $200, will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New York, then by Virginia rules; but if only one horse shall start, then the purses will be $250, $300, and $600. But the proprietors propose, that if the owners of Langford, Decatur, Hornblower, and Shadow, will enter into an inside stake (by the 15th September) of $500 or more, P.P., on the four mile day, that *they* will give an additional sum of $300 to the second best, which would make the second best, if one of these three horses, draw $500 on the four mile day.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit. Now two subscribers, and several more expected. To name and close on the 15th Sept. Three or more to make a race.

Other mile heat purses may be given. If so, due notice will be given.

New York, August 31, 1839.—[4t] D. H. BRANCH.

Memo.—The BEACON COURSE races will commence on the 5th Tuesday, the 29th of October—particulars in time.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE

WILL be at Norfolk, Virginia, during the ensuing Races, (which commence on the 17th Sept.) and will be sold or let out for the ensuing season. His colts are very superior, both as to form and power. W. LIVINGSTON.

Richmond, Staten Island, Aug. 28, 1839.

The following letter to Capt. R. F. STOCKTON, U. S. N., who imported him, from FRANCIS B. OGDEN, Esq., the American Consul at Liverpool, gives Trustee's pedigree and performances:—

LIVERPOOL, July 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—I don't know if Corbin has written you or not since the Newmarket Meeting; the chances, I think, are rather against it, as, like yourself, the spirit of procrastination hangs heavily on him; he promised to do so, however, and no doubt will soon, if he has not already. Leaving to him, therefore, the minutiæ of description, and directions as to the future, I will fulfil my part of the business by informing you that while at Newmarket, C. and myself entered into a speculation, and came to the resolution of making you the consignee of our purchase. Accordingly, I beg to advise you, that by the Caledonia, to sail on the 16th, I shall ship, consigned to you, a horse, with whom I believe you already have some acquaintance, namely, the Duke of Cleveland's Trustee. Corbin says he recollects your seeing him run at Newmarket Craven meeting, when he was beaten by Sir Mark Wood's Vespa. At any rate, he run once too often for his Grace, who in a towering passion, because he was beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, although he was dead lame from the effects of his race the the year before, ordered him immediately to be sold. Through our friend Tattersall we came to know it, and took him off his Lordship's hands at something less than he paid for him to Ridsdale three years before. He is a splendid horse, and his blood equal to any in the kingdom. Had we not purchased him as we did, £300 at least would have been added to his price, from his own brother Mundig having just won the Derby, an account of which I enclose to you. As you may expect his arrival within a week after your receipt of this, I beg you will give directions as to his reception. If Robert Stevens is in New York, I am sure he will attend to his landing with great pleasure, and as to his future destination, I leave it entirely to Corbin.

Pedigree, &c.—Trustee, a ch. h., foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the dam of Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

At Epsom Meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonging to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram (winner of the July and Prendergast stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lbs.,) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs., h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten,) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers, beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D. I., 8 subscribers, beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August Meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb.; two miles.

At the Doncaster September Meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles, 3 subscribers, beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating b. c. Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks,) Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 against Malibran, 9 to 2 against Trustee, and 8 to 1 against Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Healey and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Grey, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom was Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom Meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 yr. olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subs.; 14 started, beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 against Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

Trustee's leg will make him unfit ever to be trained again, but will never injure him as a stallion. May he live long, and his offspring do credit to their sire!

[Aug. 31] Yours truly, FRAS. B. OGDEN.

J. CONROY'S
FISHING TACKLE STORE,

No. 52 Fulton, (cornerof Cliff Street,) New York. [j22,tf.]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadmay and Barclay street [A6]-

FOR SALE.

A BULL, 4 years old; he is the produce of a Durham Bull and a full bred Devonshire Cow; gentle, and of full size and excellent form. Enquire of Mr. JOHN CURR, at Mr. KING'S, Jamaica, Long Island. [Aug. 31-3or4t]

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE,
FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE 9th No. of this work was published on the 1st Sept., from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," corner of Broadway and Barclay st. This number is embellished with two very superb and elaborately executed Steel Engravings. The following is submitted as its table of Contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PORTRAIT OF BLOOMSBURY; on Steel by Dick, after A. Cooper.
PORTRAIT OF DECEPTION; on Steel by Dick, after Hancock.

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WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, August 31.—[aug31]

SELMA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1839, over the *Alabama Central Course*, will commence on Tuesday, 12th Nov., and continue five days.

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, $50 forfeit, Mile heats; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st Oct. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats, best 3 in 5

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; to close on 15th Oct

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats; to name and close 1st October.

There are now several subscribers to each stake. Entries to the sweepstakes will be enclosed to the Proprietor, at Selma. W. PLATTENBURG, *Proprietor.*

Selma, Ala, Aug. 24th, 1839.—[sept 7]

FRANKFORT Ky. RACES, CAPITOL COURSE.

THE races over the *Capital Course*, near Frankfort, Ky., will commence on the 3d Wednesday, 16th October next, and continue four days.

First day—The Cooper's Stake, Silver Pitcher, value $100, for 3 year olds, subscription $100 each, half forfeit, added; Two mile heats. To which are the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. W. W. Bacon names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Kitty Hunter by Paragon
2. W. S. Harris names b. f. *Mary Morriss*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter
3. John A. Holden names b. c. *Vidicq*, by Medoc, dam by Stockholder
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Sydney*, by Archie Montorio, dam by Comet
5. Sydney Burbridge names b. f. *Kate Hunter*
6. J. W. Fenwick names (J. R. Ward's) b. c *Camden*, by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Cherokee
7. Col. Wm. Buford names ch. f. *Jenny Richmond*, by Medoc, dam by Hamiltonian

Same day—Post Stake for 2 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, P.P.; Mile heats. Now five subscribers, viz.:

Ben. Luckett
S. Burbridge
W. W. Bacon
J. A. Holden
J. W. Fenwick

Second day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, subscription $50, h. ft. Five subs., viz.:

1. J. W. Burbridge names ch. c. *Frank Wilson*, by Rodolph, dam by Diomed
2. B. F. Tayloe names ch. c. by Singleton, dam unknown
3. E. R. Price names b. f. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Sir William
4. Ben. Luckett names b. c. *Tom Hampton*, by Imp. Swist, dam by Sumpter
5. Dr. L. Sanders names bl. f. *Rodolphy*, by Rodolph, dam by Whipster

Same day—Purse $50, with a subscription of $50 each, Mile heats, free for all. To close the day before the race. [Aug 31]

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839 will commence on Monday, September 30th, with the great sweepstakes, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, half forfeit, four mile heats, ten subs. and closed the 1st January, 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver and M. W. Dickey name gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, 3 yrs., by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley
2. W. T. Ward names b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, 4 years old, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster by Imp. Bluster
3. Willa Viley names ch. f. *Queen Mary*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer
4. George N. Sanders and Lewis Sanders, Jr., name b. c. *Occident*, 3 years old, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel
5. Sidney Burbridge names b. c. *Tarleton*, 4 years old, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Grey
6. James L. Bradley & H. B. Steele name ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, 4 years old, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William
7. Arthur Cheatham names b. c. *Billy Townes*, 5 years old, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian
8. James S. Garrison names ch. c. *Wagner*, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion
9. William Wynn names b. c. *Picton*, 4 years old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy
10. William Buford, Jr., names ch. f. *Musedora*, 3 years old, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko

Second day—Tuesday, 1st October, the regular Jockey Club races commence with a Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; proprietor adds a plate, value $500; the second best horse to receive back his stake; closed the 1st March, 1838, with 18 subs., viz.:

1. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
2. George N. Sanders, by Lewis Sanders
3. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
4. Sidney Burbridge, by Lewis Sanders
5. Mason Thompson
6. Benjamin Luckett
7. F. R. Robinson
8. James L. Bradley
9. M. R. Tarlton
10. Richard Pindell
11. William Buford, Jr.
12. Miles W Dickey
13. James K. Duke
14. Robert Burbridge, by Sidney Burbridge
15. James W. Fenwick
16. Lewis K. Grigsby
17. Thomas G. Moore
18. William Wynn.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $1000, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $50 each, h. ft.; closed the 25th December, 1838, with the following subscribers:

1. Thomas H. Philips names b. f. by Pelham, dam by Sumpter.
2. Fred. Herr names b. c. *Japhet*, by Meteor, dam by Hamiltonian
3. Sidney Burbridge names br. f. by Rodolph, dam by Kosciusko.
4. A. Hikes names gr. f. by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams by Richard.

Fifth day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mi[illegible] heats, entrance depending on the number of subscribers.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, Four mile heats:

There never has been a race, even the great contest between Eclipse and Henry, t[illegible] has produced the same interest and excitement as the $20,000 sweepstakes, to come [illegible] over the Oakland Course the last day of September next. The same number of ho[illegible] of like reputation has never been engaged together in any race in America. All h[illegible] gone into it with the knowledge of the powers of their adversaries. Nine of the ent[illegible] are now in training, with every prospect of starting. This stake with others are [illegible] largest purses ever offered in the state, bringing together Mr. McCargo's, Col. Wy[illegible], and Mr. Garrison's full stables, affording every day a foreign contest with Kent[illegible] horses, making two great four mile races in one week.

For the better accommodation of the immense number expected at this race, the s[illegible] are now being added to so as to afford an entire view of the race to all. In conseq[illegible] of the immense expense the proprietor has incurred in getting up this race, he will [illegible] double price at the gate this day only. Y. N. OLIVER, *Propri*[illegible]

Louisville, Ky., Aug. 12, 1839.—[aug 24]

NEWMARKET COURSE, PETERSBURG, Va.

THE Fall Meeting over this course will commence on Tuesday, 24th Septembe[illegible]39, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstake, two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, free only for colts a[illegible]lies that never won a race, sub. $300 each, $100 forfeit; to name and close 1st Sept[illegible]ow 3 subs.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats, ent, $15.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, with an inside Post [illegible]e of $2000 each, P. P., to which there are 3 subs., viz.:

Charles Hatcher, for E. J. Wilson,
O. P. Hare,
Wm. R. Johnson.

This race will bring to the post three of the best horses in the United States.

Fourth day—Citizens' Plate, value $400, Three mile heats, ent. $40. The [illegible]er to take the plate or money at his option.

There is also a Sweepstake open to be run this day, free for any three yea[illegible], two mile heats, sub. $300 each, half forfeit, to name and close 10th September. N[illegible] subs.

[Aug. 24] O. P. HARE, *P*[illegible]*tor.*

DURHAM CATTLE AND BERKSHIRE HOGS FOR SALE

THE subscriber intending to return to England, offers for sale his stock o[illegible]ported Short Horned Cattle and Berkshire Pigs, at his residence, English Ne[illegible]rhood, Bergen County, N. J., five miles from New York.

The stock consists of 15 head of Milking Cows, four of them imported, and [illegible]emainder got by the imported Herd Book bulls, Dishley, Durham, Wye Comet, H[illegible]Comet, Memnon, Admiral, Denton, &c.—One 2 year old heifer, four 1 year old ditto[illegible] from 8 to 10 Spring calves.

BERKSHIRE PIGS.

Ten Breeding sows in pig, and with pigs by them at the present time—fro[illegible] to fifty pigs ready for delivery at any time, at prices from $10 to $20 per pair, deli[illegible] in New York.

The imported Herd Book bred bull, Bloomsbury, is with the cows for t[illegible]ason, and from present appearances they will all soon be in calf.

The yearling and spring calves are by the subscriber's bull, Snow Ball[illegible]Minervis, by Wye Comet, dam Nelle, bred by Israel Munson, Esq., of Boston, got [illegible] imported bull, Admiral, g. dam Rosa, bred by Mr. Munson, by the imported bull, D[illegible] owned by Stephen Williams, of Northborough, Mass., gr. g. d. Tuberose, bred by Mr[illegible]herall, and imported by Mr. Munson.

For further particulars see Herd Book,—Dishley, page 63—Durham, 5[illegible]ye Comet, 200—Admiral, 2—Denton, 43—Tuberose, 524. BENJ. [illegible]TNALL.

English Neighborhood, Bergen county, N.J., five miles from New York[illegible] 8, 1839.

[aug10.]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE following stock, which comprises the purest and most fashionable strains of blood, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the ensuing Fall Meeting of the Jockey Club, not otherwise disposed of.

No. 1. *Anvil*, br. h. 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archy, the dam of Picton, Drone, Martha Washington, and others.

2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of the dam of Lilac and Tishimingo, by Sir Archy.

3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)

4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson. See No. 14.

5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.

6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.

7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in Parvo; Minerva Chance is also the dam of Black Knight, who ran with Boston a four mile race at the Washington City Spring races; for her pedigree in full, see list of Hon. Daniel Jennifer's stock.

8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, by Wickham's Richmond, and she out of Lady Teazle, by Imp. Peter Teazle; her dam Cora, by Dr. Wm. Thornton's Imp. Driver, out of the full sister to the celebrated race-horse Nantoaka, by Hall's Imp. Eclipse. Lady Clifton is the property of Col. Bowie, of Md.

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.

12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.

13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip

14. *Magnolia*, now stinted to Eclipse, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan. Magnolia is by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko or Saxe Weimar, and she out of Col. Singleton's famous mare Psyche—a racing pedigree on both sides.

15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].

16. *Pantinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.

17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.

18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.

19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)

20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.

21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).

22. Ch. h. 5 yrs, Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.

23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance. See No. 7.

24. *Minerva Chance*, b. m. by Multum in Parvo, etc. see No. 7.

Applications, if by letter, to be addressed to me until 1st July, to New Orleans, and after that time to Gallatin, Tennessee. BALIE PEYTON.

May 27, 1839.

THE ALABAMA STAKES.

THE undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day after the "Peyton Stakes," for colts and fillies then 4 years old, for $2000 each, half forfeit; or $500 if declared the 1st January, 1841; *Three Mile Heats*, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race, the second horse to be entitled to his stake; to close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st of January, 1841, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
T. Watson,
Lucius J. Polk,
R. K. Polk,
Samuel Ragland,
Nicholas Davis,
Jas. W. Camp
E. H. Boardman,
George Elliott.

The Trial Stakes.

The undersigned agree to run a Sweepstakes over the Nashville Course, at the October meeting, 1843, on the day previous to the "Peyton Stakes," with the produce of mares covered in 1839, for $1000 each, half forfeit, or $250 if declared the 1st January, 1842; Two Mile heats, to be governed by the rules of the late Nashville Jockey Club. Ten or more entries to make a race; the second horse to be entitled to his stake. To close the 1st January, 1840. Nominations and forfeits declared, to be made known to the Secretary of the Nashville Jockey Club, who with the President shall have power on the complaint of any three responsible subscribers, previous to the 1st January, 1842, to declare any nomination void, on proof of the insolvency of the subscriber, unless said subscriber gives security for the forfeit, within one month after notice of said declaration.

James Jackson,
Samuel Ragland,
T. Watson,
Willis H. Boddie,
L. P. Cheatham,
Lucius J. Polk,
William H. Polk, by }
Lucius J. Polk, }
R. K. Polk,
Nicholas Davis,
E. H. Boardman,
James W. Camp,
Hickman Lewis.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to either of the above stakes should address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq., Secretary of the Jockey Club, Nashville, Tennessee, to whom the nominations are also to be forwarded. [j22.]

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
Duncan F. Kenner,
W. J. Minor,
George M. Long.
A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,
Y. N. Oliver,
Fergus Duplantier,
G. N. Sanders,
T. J. Wells,
A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs.

Duncan F. Kenner names imp. ch. f. by Langar, out of Annot Lyle by Ashton.

Address (post paid) [my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

AUGUSTA (Ga.) RACES, LAFAYETTE COURSE.

THE Annual Races will come off over The Lafayette Course, the 2d week in December next, when the following purses will be offered:

First day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

On Monday previous to the above annual Meeting, a Poststake, free for all ages, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; Four mile heats. Four or more to make a race; to close on the 1st day of Aug. next. Now 2 subs.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft.; Two mile heats. Seven subs. and closed.

Also, a Poststake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. To close 1st day of Oct. next; three or more to make a race. Now 1 sub.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, dropped Spring of 1837, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., to come off the day preceding the first annual Meeting in 1840. To which are 7 subs., and closed.

Also, a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run the meeting of 1840; sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Two mile heats. Three or more to make a race; to name and close at our annual Meeting in 1839. Now 5 subs.

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies 3 yrs. old the Spring of 1841, to run in the Fall afterwards, Two mile heats, over the Lafayette Course, sub $300 each, $100 ft. To name and close at the annual Meeting in 1840. Now 4 subs.

Also, a Produce Stake for colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, to run the Fall of 1842, sub. $1000 each, h. ft.; to which are 8 subs., and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton names ch. f. by Emancipation, out of Imp. Lucy by Cain.
Iverson & Bonner name produce of Count Zaldivar's dam and John Bascombe
John D. Kirby names produce of Imp. Invalid and Imp. Priam
Col. John Crowell names produce of Bolivia and John Bascombe
Edmonson & Long name produce of Eliza Drake and Imp. Chateau Margaux
Thos. H. D. Van Landingham names produce of Amy Hampton and John Bascombe
John C. O. Hanlin names produce of Jane Bertrand and Imp. Luzborough
Augustus Lamkin names produce of Ione and Turnbull

The subscribers to the above Produce stake are requested to give a description of their colts as early as possible, to G. EDMONSON, *Cor. Sec'y.*

1oJun

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take plece every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock in the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage. ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

WHEELING JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting over the *Wheeling Course* will commence on Tuesday, the 2d Sept., and continue five days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 20th August. Now two subs.

Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close by 1st Sept.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, sub. $50 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept.

Second day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Third day—Corinthian Stake for untried horses, Mile heats, $25 entrance, sd. sd. Gentlemen Riders, dressed in Jockey Club style; weight 160lbs., to close the day before the race.

Same day—For a Splendid Sett of Cut Glass, value $150, Two mile heats; entrance depending upon the number of subscribers; the winner to take the glass or the money at his option.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

J. E. NORVELL, }
J. H. OLIVER, } *Proprietors.*

[jy 20]

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

EDITED BY WILLIAM T. PORTER,

And published Monthly in the City of New York, at Five Dollars per annum,

FROM THE OFFICE OF "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

Embellished with Superb Engravings on Steel.

THIS work is now published with punctuality on the first day of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, and Seven Numbers of the 10th Volume have already been issued; the 8th No. will appear on the 1st of August, embellished with TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS, executed expressly for this work. Each number contains sixty-four pages of imperial octavo size, beautifully printed on new type on paper of the finest fabric; a superb ENGRAVING *on Steel Plate* accompanies each number, rendering it one of the handsomest and most elegantly embellished magazines in the United States.

The following articles and embellishments, among an infinite variety of interesting matter, have appeared since the transfer of the "Register" to New York:—

The First Number (double) for JANUARY and FEBRUARY, was embellished with three fine Steel Engravings: the celebrated horse "HARKAWAY," by DICK, after Turner, "TROUT FISHING ON LONG ISLAND," by HINSHILWOOD, after Jackson, and "ENGLISH ECLIPSE," by O. P. Q., after Stubbs.

Contents of No. I. and II.—Memoir of Harkaway, by the Editor; The Godolphin Arabian, by M. Sue; On Breeding for the Turf, by Phœnix; A Sacondaga Deer Hunt, by Charles F. Hoffman, Esq.; Trout Fishing on Long Island, by the Editor; The English Racing Season for 1838; by Craven; Essay on Leicester and South Down Sheep, by L. Tucker, Esq.; The Louisiana Turf, by A.; Continental Sporting, by Nimrod; American Racing Calendar of 1839; Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, at all distances; The High Prices of Stallions; Blood will Come out; Horse Letter Writers; Remedy for Bots or Grubs, and Cholic; Register of Pedigrees; Essay on English Eclipse, by the Editor; together with highly interesting articles by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, Esq.; M. M. Milburn, Esq., "A." "D. M. G." W. G. Allan, Esq., "Asmodeus," &c. &c.

The Second Number (double) for MARCH and APRIL was embellished with two superb Engravings on Steel: the celebrated horse "PLENIPOTENTIARY," by Dick, after Turner, and "D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU," by Dick, after Aubrey.

Contents of No. III. and IV.—Memoir of Plenipo, by the Editor; Native and Imported Stock, by Jersey; Oriental Field Sports; D'Orsay and his Traineau, by A New Contributor; Killing Trout out of Season; On Bridling and Bitting Horses; Notes of the Month, by the Editor; Turfiana, by the Editor of the London New Sporting Magazine; Racing in Russia; Memoir of Imp Belshazzar; On Arab Horses; English Popular Racing Stallions; Alphabetical List of American Winning Horses in 1838; Familiar Anatomy of the Horse; Memoir of Imp. Philip; A Maryland Fox Hunt; The late Match in Virginia; Salmon Fishing in Canada, by Piscator; On Shoeing Horses, by Charles Vail de Saint Bel; Sales of Blood Stock; Boat Song; New Theory of Stallions; together with articles of great practical utility by "Peter Simple," Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., "T. A." "Uncle Toby," Craven, &c. &c.

The Third Number (double) for MAY and JUNE, was embellished with two costly Engravings, "A FOREST JOUST," by Dick, after Landseer, and FLY-FISHING, by Dick, after Cooper.

Contents of No. V. and VI.—Stable Economy, by Prof. Stewart; On Training, by Expedition; Fly-Fishing, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands, by Frank Forester; How to Buy a Horse; Observations on the Spring Campaign; Comparison of the Speed of Horses; Deer Stalking, by William Scrope, Esq.; The Handley Cross Hounds; The Washington and Baltimore Races; Register of Pedigrees; Racing Calendar of 1839; The Blood Hound; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, with various sporting articles from the practised pens of "Piscator," Professor Stewart, "Kunegos," &c. &c.

The Seventh Number, for JULY, was embellished with a costly and elaborately executed Engraving of DON JOHN, by Prud'homme, after Herring.

Contents of No. VII.—Memoir of Don John, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands (continued), by Frank Forester; Ten Minutes Run with a Wolf, by "Kunegos;" How to Buy a Horse, by An Amateur; Notes of the Month; Turfiana; American Sporting Gallery; The Canadian Hunter to his Horse, by J. H. Willis, Esq., On Acclimating Cattle in Louisiana, by Dr J. S.; Sand Eating by Horses; Epistle to the Editor, by an Old Reader, &c., together with the usual variety of Sporting matter.

The Eighth Number, for AUGUST, was embellished with two handsome engravings; A Portrait of Mr. Stevens' JANETTE, on Steel, by Dick, after Troye, and RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND, also on Steel, by Dick, after Landseer.

Contents of No. VIII.—Janette and her Memoir, by the Editor; A Week in the Woodlands—Day the Third; Collineomania, by J. Cypress, Jr.; Authentic Account of the Godolphin Arabian, by Centaur; Comparison of the Speed of Horses, by Senex: Sporting Reminiscences of the late Dr. T., by Amicus; Luzborough and his get, by "J."; The Ass Race, by Thos. Hood; The American Turf and its Chronicling, by the Editor of the London Sporting Magazine, Tychicus and Autocrat, by "Justice;" Further Observations on the Spring Campaign, by "Observer;" The New Theory of Stallions, by Pendleton; Reminiscences of the Spring Campaign, by "N." of Arkansas; Notes of the Month, by the Editor, &c. &c.

In the First Number was commenced an AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR FOR 1839, with Omissions in the Racing Calendar for 1838, and "NOTES OF THE MONTH," by the Editor, forming a running commentary on the various subjects of Sporting News and conversation of the day, all which are continued in the subsequent numbers. Since the work has fallen into the hands of the present editor, a great number of gentlemen, known to the Sporting World, as Breeders and Turfmen, have volunteered the aid of their gifted pens as contributors, so as to have imparted an original character and new interest to the Magazine. Its contents are entirely different from those of the "Spirit of the Times," though published in the same office; the facilities enjoyed by the proprietors of the weekly paper for collecting early information, and for the successful prosecution of their enterprises, enable them to expend a far greater amount of money upon the Magazine than its subscription list would otherwise warrant, were it doubled; the connection alone sustains them, and they are happy to add, that since it took place, a large number of he subscribers to their weekly paper have also subscribed to the Magazine.

The American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine will continue to be published at the old price—Five dollars per annum in advance,—notwithstanding its present style of publication is attended with an expense nearly double that heretofore laid out upon it. The publishers rely with entire confidence upon a commensurate support from the friends of The Turf and the Agricultural Interest generally, and beg to assure them that while in their hands their exertions to increase its value and usefulness shall never flag.

As no local agents are employed by the present publishers, it is requested that Communications and Subscriptions be addressed directly to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

New York, July 22, 1839.

CROSS KEYS COURSE, SOUTHAMPTON CO., Va.

THE races over this course will commence the 3d Tuesday, 17th September, 1839, and continue four days.

First day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $150 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to name and close the 1st day of Sept. next; three or more to make a race. Now two subscribers.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, free of discount, $15 entrance.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, free of discount, $20 ent.

Fourth day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft. To name and close the 1st day of Sept. 1839. Three or more to make a race.

Same day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, One mile, sub. $100 each, h. ft.; three or more to make a race. Now two subs., and many more expected.

Entries made to any of the above stakes will be addressed to SAMPSON C. RUSE, Proprietor, Boykin's Depot, Southampton County, Virginia.

GEORGE B. CARY, President.
ROBT. RIDLEY, 1st Vice President.
JAS. S. FRENCH, 2d Vice President.

C. D. BARHAM, Secretary.
July 12, 1839.—[jy 20]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB.

THE FALL MEETING OF 1839 will commence on Tuesday, 10th September, and continue five days.

First day—Ohio Stallion Stake, Two mile heats, sub. $100 each, h. ft.: four or more to make a race; a splendid Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100, to be added by the Proprietor; second best to get back his stake; to name and close by the 15th Aug.

To this race six subscribers are expected.

Same day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for three year olds, free only for those bred in the State of Ohio, and Campbell County, Kentucky; Mile heats.

Second day—The Breeders' Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, a Beautiful Tea Sett (Silver), the amount of entrance to be governed by the number. To this plate the proprietor makes an entry.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Mile heats, sub. $100 each, the entry to be made at 4 o'clock the day previous to the Race, to name at the Judges' Stand, previous to the hour of starting.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $600, Three mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $120 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $480.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

If three or more start, the second best to receive $200 out of the purse. If not three, the winner to receive $800.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $400 in Gold. Mile heats.

If three or more start the second best to receive $100 out of this purse. If not three, the winner to receive $300 in gold.

20th June, 1839.—[Jy 6] LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

SYMMES* STAKES.

THE subscribers agree to run a Sweepstake Race over the Cincinnati Course, to be named the "Symmes Stake" on the first day of the Fall Meeting in 1840, in 1841, and in 1842, Two mile heats, for colts and fillies to be 3 years old the respective dates, $300 ent., $100 forfeit, to name and close the 1st day of April in each year; the Proprietor to add a *Gold Cup* (appropriately embellished) value $250; the second best to get back the stake paid by it.

June, 1839.—[Jy 6-6t]

* Col. J. C. Symmes, who settled the Cincinnati district.

ST. LOUIS JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the *St. Louis Course*, will commence on Monday, 14th October next, and continue six days.

First day—A Match between Messrs. Lane & Shacklett's *Bonny Black*, and Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*, for $500, Two miles.

Same day—A mule race, to come off immediately after the match, Two mile heats; purse $50, ent. $20, to be added to the purse. No distance in this race.

Second day—A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. Now two subs.

Third day—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Two mile heats. Now three subs. The two preceding sweepstakes to name and close by the 1st August next

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

The entrance required for the above purses, is ten per cent. on the amount of the respective purses.

Sixth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, for the *St. Louis Plate*, valued at $200. The entrance to depend on the number of entries made.

☞ The above races are free for any horse, mare, or gelding.

☞ All persons wishing to enter into the above sweepstakes, will direct to the proprietor, at this place, and at the same time remit a forfeit note, which letter must be mailed on or before the time the stakes close.

☞ Several improvements have been made on the course since the Spring Meeting; among which is one that will add greatly to the safety of running, by an entire enclosure for the inside circle. Stables will be furnished on application.

BENJAMIN AMES, *Secretary* and *Proprietor*.

N. B. There is a trainer of respectable character located on the track, who will undertake the training of horses for gentlemen, on moderate terms, and give the most unquestionable guarantee in regard to capability and probity of character.

☞ Heretofore, *two* courses have been in operation near this city, and the subscriber deems it imperative to state that, as far as the St. Louis Course has been concerned, the purses have been promptly paid. [jy 20] B. AMES.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton
Henry A. Tayloe
Rich'd H. Long

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A Tayloe
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
Col. Jas. Lankford
Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers
J. J. Burton
Henry W. Reese

Nominations to the above stakes are to be addressed to

[June1] HENRY A. TAYLOE, Macon, Marengo Co., Ala

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J: C.

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16-tf

CINCINNATI FALL MEETING.

AN EXTRA PURSE OFFERED—$500 IN AMERICAN GOLD.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, to be run for over the Cincinnati Course, on Monday, the 9th Sept., Two mile heats; subscription $100 each, h. ft. Ten or more to make a race. Each subscriber to pay $25 to the Proprietor in aid of the purse, which is to be $500 in American Gold, hung up at the Judges' Stand.

If three start the second best to receive $200 out of the stake; if four or more start, the third best to receive $100 out of the stake; the balance of the stake and the Purse goes to the winner. To name and close on or before the 15th Aug. In naming, the subscriber will forward the same to Lewis Sanders, Recording Secretary, Cincinnati, dated on the letter where it is mailed previous to 15th Aug. LEWIS SANDERS, Agent.

June 24, 1839.—[Jy 6]

PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1840, over the Victoria Course, (Fauquier, White Sulphur Springs,) Va., Mile heats, sub. $200 each, $50 forfeit; to name and close 1st January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Dr. Lufborough names produce of Vixen, by Rob Roy, and St. Leger.
2. Robert E. Lee names produce of Maria, by Contention, and Imp. Priam.
3. Also, produce of a Sir Charles mare and Imp. Felt.
4. A. M. Payne names produce of Ruth, by Medley, and Imp. Emancipation.
5. Also, produce of Emily, by Sir Charles, and Imp. Emancipation.
6. R. E. Scott names produce of Mazeppa's dam and Imp. Priam.
7. Hector Bell names produce of Slender, by Industry, and Imp. Emancipation.
8. John Baker names produce of Linnet, by Rob Roy, and Imp. Felt.
9. Wm. L. White names produce of Imp. My Lady, by Comus, and Imp. Priam.
10. Also, produce of Corset and Imp. Priam.
11. Thomas Doswell names produce of Eliza Whorton and Pamunky.
12. McCargo and Duvall.

Persons wishing to become subscribers to the above Stake will address the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times." [jy13]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union.[d17

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector, must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 7—BACHELOR'S BUTTONS—HONEST THIEVES, and other entertainments.

MONDAY, Sept. 9—First time in America, the opera of FIDELIO.

☞ The public are respectfully informed that Mrs. MARTYN (late Miss Inverarity), from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Miss POOLE, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; Mr. MANVERS, from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; Mr. MARTYN, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Mr. GIUBILEI, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and Italian Opera House, are engaged for a few nights, and will make their 1st appearance in America on Monday next in the Opera of FIDELIO; Music by Beethoven; Don Pizarro, Mr. Giubilei; Don Florentine, Mr. Manvers; Rocco, Mr. Martyn; Leonora, Mrs. Martyn; Marcellina, Miss Poole.

Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI are engaged for a few nights, prior to their departure for Europe, and will appear in the course of next week.

A new Ballet is in preparation, and will speedily be produced.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, Sept. 7—For the Benefit of Mr. FORREST, and the last night of his appearance, when will be acted the Play of RICHELIEU; Cardinal Richelieu, Mr. Forrest. To conclude with WILLIAM TELL; William Tell, Mr. Forrest.

☞ The public are respectfully informed that Mr. CHARLES KEAN (after an absence of seven years from America,) will have the honor of making his first appearance at this Theatre on Monday next, 9th inst., in the character of HAMLET.

Mrs. HENRY WALLACK (late Miss Turpin) is engaged at this Theatre, and will make her first appearance this season as "Ophelia," on Monday.

Mr. KEAN will perform one of his celebrated characters every night during the week.

A new farce, called the REAR ADMIRAL, will be performed on Tuesday.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

THOSE Ladies and Gentlemen engaged with James H. Caldwell, New Orleans, are respectfully informed that the Theatre will open for the season in all September next. Persons in negotiation will apply to G. H. Barrett, Esq., New York, or by letter to the Proprietor, New Orleans.

GEO. HOLLAND, Treasurer,
St. Charles Theatre.

New Orleans, 22d Aug., 1839.—[sept 7-3t]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

CINCINNATI, VICKSBURG, AND NATCHEZ THEATRES, under the direction of Messrs. Scott and Thorne.

The members of the profession are respectfully informed that the above theatres will be open during the ensuing winter.

Application for engagements (post paid) will meet with immediate attention, by directing to the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

N.B. None but artists of acknowledged talent need apply. [sept 7]

ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE THEATRES.

THE Fall season in St. Louis (Missouri), will commence on Monday, the 12th instant, and close about the 25th October. That in Mobile will begin early in Nov., and end about the 25th of March. The Spring season of 1840 (in St. Louis), will commence about the 1st April, and continue until the 4th of July. We suggest to such STARS as may wish to perform in either city, that an early intimation of their wishes may be necessary to secure engagements with us— as heretofore it has been impossible to receive *all* the performers of eminence who have visited the south and west, in consequence of the nights applied for having far exceeded the number we have had it in our power to devote to Stars. Address us at St. Louis until the 15th of October, and after that date, at Mobile.

[aug10-3t] LUDLOW & SMITH.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession, that applications for engagements for the approaching season of the Theatres in Virginia can be made to the subscriber at Richmond, Va. The perfect success of the drama, during the last season, in Virginia, has authorized the erection of a new Theatre ("Avon") in Norfolk; and that the same mutual responsibility between the lessee and *artiste* may be continued, in all engagements, therefore, *articles of agreement* will be required. Season to commence about September, and extend to about thirty weeks. Address, *post paid*,

GEORGE JONES,
Lessee and sole director of the "Marshal," "Avon," and "Petersburg" Theatres, Va.

DRAMATIC NOTICE.

THE following Theatres will be opened by the subscriber during the ensuing Season, commencing in September, and terminating in May, 1840:—Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus, Ga., and Montgomery and Wetumpka, Ala. Performers wishing situations in the above circuit, will please address the undersigned (post paid) at Montgomery, Ala. Young performers of talent will meet with every encouragement, and every opportunity afforded them of advancing rapidly in the profession.

[jy 27]
WM. R. HART,
Proprietor and Manager.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—This theatre has been doing the poorest business the past week almost ever known. The reason of it must be a profound mystery to the manager, doubtless, or he would have taken some pains to effect a reform. It has occurred to us that a light comedian might be hardly attractive enough in a single farce, and that for night after night without change; especially when the first three hours of each evening have been devoted to a species of entertainment by no means acceptable to this community—the gagging-system, in full force, is the amusement to which we allude.

Friday, the 30th ult., was the most inclement day we have had for the season; the evening was signally unpropitious, being unseasonably cold, and the rain falling in torrents. Notwithstanding this, the benefit of TAGLIONI on that night was extremely well attended; the distinguished *artistes* took courage from the very large number of friends in attendance, and danced with unwonted spirit. They never have been so warmly applauded throughout, and their next engagement will be sensibly affected by the impression which they then made.

An addition has been made to the stock company of this house in Mr. and Mrs. CRESWICK, who have appeared since our last theatricals were written. Of Mrs. Creswick, as in duty bound, we must first speak. She is a great acquisition to the company, being a very pretty woman, who plays hoydens, and other light comedy parts, to the great delight of her audiences. She is always cheerful and full of fun, sees a joke in all its force, and so renders it; does justice to pointed wit, and sings a very nice song. She is just what the Park wants, and will make the close of each evening delightful with her sunny smiles, gay wit, and romping frolic. Those who have not heard it, should go once but to hear her sing a capital parody upon the "Fine old English gentleman;" 'tis very capitally written, hitting right and left, and would make you laugh but to read it; but the best of the story is that Mrs. Creswick makes every point tell with intense effect. Nevertheless, a funny song of this species is precisely the last song to be encored literally; if they persist in calling for it twice (and our advice will apply to numberless other songs like it), always abridge it, and just give one half of it, and when re-called, give the rest. You might as well encore a joke or a pun as such a song. It will not do to let off this song and the little vaudeville into which it is introduced without telling how capitally well CHIPPENDALE plays his part therein. Mr. Chippendale is very nearly the best general actor in the country—but one or two are superior to him—his *whistle solo* in "Bachelor's Buttons" is his last great thing; they came near encoring *that*.

Mr. Creswick is likewise a valuable acquisition to this establishment, though he has not played under the most favorable circumstances. They will cry out persecution should we tell all the truth, and we must only, therefore, say, that he is entirely capable of supporting admirably any actress which the Park shall engage. Could he but overcome an unpleasant difficulty in his articulation, he would become a general favorite.

Mr. RANGER took a benefit on Thursday evening, and the house was tolerably filled, though not crowded. He introduced a new play to us, the "Artist's Wife," not unlike the play of "Lucille," in which Mrs. KEELEY played so admirably. In this Ranger sustains a part resembling, in the language which he uses, the broken English of a Frenchman, his first and favorite character in the "Romantic Widow." Mr. Ranger has established himself as the best comedian in his line we have recently had among us. On Thursday evening he received one token of approbation which is not often payed a comedian. At the fall of the curtain, after the first piece, the pit, an old substantial peanut-hating Park pit, gave him eight distinct rounds of applause—not with the purpose of calling him out, but to show him their appreciation of his cleverness. One "child" whom we know well, almost lost his cane, he drove it so far into the floor in his warmth. Mr. Ranger now proceeds to Philadelphia, and our only wish is that he may soon be returned to us.

On Monday the Park vocalists open in "Fidelio;" it will be an interesting and critical night for the fortunes of the Park. All musical amateurs must be there, and we entreat all old friends of that theatre to be in attendance to welcome with a right hearty Yankee welcome the five distinguished strangers.

The National.—The great theatrical event of the week has been the production of "Richelieu," the highest and best dramatic attempt of its author, Sir LYTTON BULWER. Critics differ as to the historical correctness of his picture of the aspiring Cardinal; to an indifferent student of history, it does surely appear false. But viewed as a work of art, it must be confessed that the poet has wrought out a character of giant mould, not alone with power as to its vast and naked outline, but with happiest skill as to its less obvious phases, its domestic and unstudied aspect. The ambition, the craft, the absolute will, the sneering hypocrisy, and the pitiless hate of the stern churchman are brought boldly out in this great picture, but they are admirably relieved by his thoroughly *French* patriotism, his fidelity to his friends, his affection for his niece. Even by Mr. Bulwer his character is so depicted as to excite admiration rather than sympathy and respect; although he goes much beyond the common idea of Richelieu in commending him to our love and respect.

It would seem impossible that there should be a more admirable representation of this difficult character than that given by Mr. FORREST—it appeared absolutely perfect. The courage and energy of the great Minister are not better expressed than his sarcasm, his withering irony, his cunning, his cruelty, his self-deceiving ambition and pride, his desperate selfishness, and his occasional tenderness. In Mr. Forrest you realized the harmonious embodiment of the discordant materials, which make up a whole, till now inexplicable. It is marvellous that there should be two opinions as to the genius of Mr. Forrest! A prejudice so inveterate as to withstand the influence of his fine acting in Richelieu is absolutely irremediable. It is delightful to observe the completeness with which Mr. Forrest executes any point, nay, every passage. Nothing of it escapes you—you have his precise, even if peculiar, meaning, and this without any stretch of attention. And his distinct delivery does not more assure you of the sentiment than do the countenance and action of the tragedian; his face is mobile and expressive, and his action appropriate. He carried the audience with him in this play of "Richelieu" with astounding effect. It would be thought a heavy play, too complicated in its plot to give pleasure on the stage, were it not for the force and energy with which this, the master spirit of the whole, was given. It is a favorite part of Macready, and the critics weary themselves in extolling his excellence in it; but till we see him, and are convinced through our own eyes, we must believe that we have seen it played by Mr. FORREST as perfectly as is possible; it was throughout magnificent.

Thus far we have spoken of Mr. Forrest alone, but the play received ample justice not alone from him, but all who were engaged in it. The only debatable point, with the *daily* critics, seems to be whether Miss MONIER is adequate to the part of *Julie;* with every wish to agree with them, we must say that her faults were not obvious to us. It may be true that more can be made of the character than is done by Miss Monier, but to our mind her performance was natural, and sufficiently powerful. Her beauty is such as to blind the most indifferent spectator to many faults; but in the present instance, we made every exertion to distinguish between the lovely woman and the actress, and yet saw no occasion for censure.

The highest credit is due the management for the style in which the whole play is got up and cast. If in some inferior parts there is nothing notable for its excellence, yet is there nothing absolutely bad and offensive. We do not find occasion to name the individuals who united in giving effect to the play—they may all be found in the bills of the day—for it appeared to us that the whole was uniformly well played, and that Mr. Forrest alone towered above the general level of excellence. Upon a second representation, his performance seemed even more admirable than upon the first. He is more unexceptionably great in *Richelieu* than in any character which we can recollect. The effect which he produces is immense; at the end of the fourth act the applause is vehement and deafening, and it would seem that the house never is to become quiet.

Next Monday CHARLES KEAN opens in *Hamlet*. The curiosity to see him is intense, and his first engagement, let him play well or ill, will be an overflowing one.

We observe among the passengers by the Wellington the name of Mrs. H. WALLACK, formerly Miss Turpin. The public must have some music before long at the National, or their habit of resorting to the Park alone for such entertainment will be renewed and strengthened. Mrs. Wallack appears on Monday evening in *Ophelia*.

It may be worth while to say that they have brought out at the National this week a contemptible little nasty farce, which should be hung up to dry the first fair day.

The Chatham Theatre.—In relation to this theatre, we make use of the words of the "Times," which is becoming, or has already become, the best daily theatrical paper in the city. The new theatre is now finished, and will open for the season on the 9th of September, with a very good company. It is inferior in its capacity but to two other theatres in the city, and in its accommodations, to none. By accurate measurement, it will hold twenty-two hundred persons, all seated. Of this number, the first tier will hold 500; the second, exclusive of private boxes, 400; the third, 300; the pit, 800, and the gallery 200. Among other superior accommodations, is that of a ladies' saloon, attached to and only accessible from the first tier. The managers have in contemplation to give the legitimate drama, and well varied popular entertainments.

The celebrated London pantomimists, Messrs. Brown, King, and Gibson, have been engaged, and are hourly expected. Mr. Anderson, one of the best stage managers in the country, has quitted the Bowery theatre, and is engaged in the same capacity at this house. Mrs. Bannister, a lady of superior talents, is also engaged for the first "business" in old women.

BALLS, after finishing a highly successful engagement at Cincinnati, arrived at Louisville on the 28th instant. The theatre being closed, he "put out" for Nashville. From thence he goes to St. Louis, plays there from the 16th to the 23d instant, with our friends Ludlow and Old Sol, and returns to Louisville to the races on the 30th inst., where he plays a week, then to Cincinnati to remain until 30th October, and afterwards down the river to Orleans.

MARBLE, the best *Yankee* on the stage, is now playing with Pelby in Boston. He is about to appear in a new piece called "*Sam Patch in France,*" which is said to be very clever. Unfortunately for Marble, (as well as for Hill and Hackett) not a single drama of great interest has been written in which he is called upon to sustain the prominent character. Though the first in his line, his line happens not to be first; under more favorable circumstances he would become one of the most eminent of our native histrions.

Death of Decamp.—Died at Houston, Texas, July 27th, VINCENT DECAMP, Esq., long and favorably known to the theatrical public both in this country and in England. In dropping a tear to the memory of this excellent actor, and worthy man, we would say that his loss is deeply felt and deplored by his numerous friends in Mobile. His name is intimately connected with the stage during its brightest period. Mr. Decamp was an actor at old Drury Lane in 1800, and is favorably noted by the chroniclers of that time. He was nearly related to the great Kemble family, being the uncle of that talented actress, FANNY KEMBLE, now Mrs. Butler. In private life Mr. Decamp was esteemed by all as a gentleman and scholar, and endeared himself to a large circle of admirers by his unvarying politeness and gentle suavity of manners. This death has made a void in our theatre, which it will be difficult to fill. Cannot your correspondent "L." recal him, as he has so forcibly and elegantly done his more distinguished contemporaries? P.

Mobile, August, 1839.

Death of Chapman.—The following paragraph we cut from an exchange paper. The life of Chapman must furnish many incidents that would interest the profession. Would some acquaintance throw them into form for us?

Chapman, the captain and manager of "Chapman's Floating Theatre," died recently near Manchester, Miss. He was udwards of 70 years of age, bore an excellent character, and has left a large and talented family to mourn his loss. For the last few years he has been known at all the principal landings on the principal rivers of the South—places he has visited with his aquatic theatre—and has always sustained a good reputation.

Judicial Joke.—It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the Assizes, there was present a certain Dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the very Rev. guest, "I always think, my Lord, that a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, Sir! by no means," replied the Chief Baron, "it is the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

DESCRIPTION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

London, June, 1839.—The Opera of London, or what is called the "Royal Theatre," is much larger than our *Theatre Favart* was, but it is somewhat smaller than the Paris Opera, and, moreover, far from equalling it as regards elegance and ornaments. A plainer and less convenient house in every respect can scarcely be imagined; and, firstly, you can enter it but *en grand costume.* If you wear not black or white trousers, a dress coat, a black hat (white hats are objects of sovereign contempt in England)—if even, I believe, you have not gloves on your hands, and, moreover, yellow gloves—you are refused admittance, despite of the twelve shillings or fifteen francs which you have exchanged at the office for a pit ticket. It is your business to know the customs. I have been, it is true, assured that this *consigne* is rigorously executed but towards strangers of *no distinction.* As for strangers *of distinction*, or Englishmen, indulgence is extended to the great coat and colored trousers. Let this be a warning to such of my countrymen as, deceived by the triumphal reception given last year to Marshal Soult, and trusting in the chimera of the English alliance, may think themselves exempted from a *toilette* when they visit her Majesty's Theatre.

Another very disagreeable thing—as disagreeable to the English themselves as to strangers—is that the pit benches are so detestably stuffed, that when you have been seated a quarter of an hour you are as much bruised as you might be if you had been sitting on paving stones. This is the more to be regretted, because, if better and more comfortably seated, you would better enjoy the splendid aspect of the boxes filled with sumptuously-dressed women. Ah! this, this is a *coup d'œil* that makes some amends for the annoyances I have just detailed. It must be owned that *Mesdames les Anglaises*, and I speak of English women of *distinction*, have in general *ennuyés* and *maussades* countenances, which are anything but engaging; yet, to their praise be it added, if anything can make up for the disdainful and almost impertinent *nonchalance* which they affect in their attitudes, it is, undeniably, the disdain they seem to have for their ownselves, their dresses, precious garments, and jewels. A Frenchwoman, *en toilette,* however great a lady she be, has always something stiff and embarrassed about her person, as if she dreaded an oil stain or a rent. An Englishwoman, on the contrary, is as much at ease in a costume which commands the attention of the whole house as another woman would be in a *robe de chambre* and a nightcap. If a Frenchwoman wear a set of scarce pearls, a fine dress, *à la grande mode*, she must be seen, and at the same time, will hold herself so that not a hair on her head may be disturbed, and injure the *éclat* she fancies she produces. An Englishwoman, on the contrary (and of this I have seen a thousand instances), rather conceals than exhibits her jewels. Such Englishwoman as you have observed during the performance humbly retiring to the corner of her box, seeming neither to think of herself nor of others, her hair almost in confusion, leaning on anything without fear of scrumpling her sleeves, if you watch her at the moment she rises to leave her box, you will perceive that she has a bunch of diamonds on the back of her head, and a *chignon* of massive gold. This is the manner in which luxury should be understood when one has come into the world rich.

The Queen's Theatre is the only one frequented in this season, not only by the *beau monde*, but everybody, and you will easily conceive it if aware that this theatre just now unites the most celebrated names in dancing and music. Great, indeed, is the attraction. The newspapers have already informed you of the splendid success of Mdlle. Taglioni in *La Bayadere.* You will permit me only to mention a fact which will tell better than anything the triumph of that spoiled child of Europe. Saturday was the day of her re-appearance, and the opera had been protracted to a very late hour. Now, you must know that no people in the world, however devoted to religious practices, carry so far their observance of Sunday as the English. This is so strictly true that, in general, on Saturdays, when the performances are not over at midnight, which often occurs at the Queen's Theatre, the house is suddenly deserted. Towards half-past eleven, or a quarter to twelve, you will see the anxious spectators consult their watches, and at the expected moment, their eyes fixed on the fatal needle, rise *en masse,* and depart. There is no saying that the English capitulate upon this point with their consciences; Madame Malibran was a thousand times thus abandoned when midnight struck, by a public who enthusiastically applauded her a minute before. I myself have seen Macready, the dramatic idol of England, end a soliloquy before empty benches and a deserted orchestra. Well, then, what had never been before achieved—what has not been recorded in London in the memory of man—what Macready, Malibran, Rubini could never achieve, Taglioni has accomplished. It was last Saturday: midnight was about to strike, and none thought of looking at their watches; the ballet of La Bayadere was about to commence. I need not say Taglioni danced in it. Half-past twelve came without anybody in the theatre perceiving it. On the close of the ballet three rounds of applause thundered from every corner of the house; Mademoiselle Taglioni was recalled, and covered with flowers, when the English bethought themselves of the hour. Judge of their amazement and confusion! the needle marked near one in the morning—Saturday was over, Sunday had commenced, they had forgotten their God for the dance, almost abjured their worship! I know not exactly how far remorse may have afterwards visited their souls, nor what sort of chastisement they imposed upon themselves for having thus given way to the fascination of Satan, his pomp, and works; but what I know beyond a doubt is, that they kept no rancor towards the enchantress, for, on the following Tuesday, I recognised among the audience, attracted by a second performance of the Bayadere, a number of faces whom I noticed on the preceding Saturday, and who were not less enthusaistic and loud in their acclamations only on that night Queen Victoria, who wished not to remain late at the theatre, repeatedly sent word to the Italian singers to hasten, and not delay by long *entre-actes* the representation of the ballet.

Paris periodical.

SUNDAY AT THE OPERA.—The following affords an amusing instance of the exaggeration of our Parisian friends. A writer in a Paris print thus proceeds on the observance of Sunday at the Opera:—"No people in the world, however devoted to religious practices, carry so far their observance of Sunday as the English. This is so strictly true that, in general, on Saturdays, when the performances are not over at midnight, which often occurs at the Queen's theatre, the house is suddenly deserted. Towards half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve you will see the anxious spectators consult their watches, and at the expected moment, their eyes fixed on the fatal needle, rise *en masse* and depart. There is no saying that the English capitulate on this point with their consciences; Madame Malibran was a thousand times in her life thus abandoned when midnight struck, by a public who enthusiastically applauded her a minute before. *I myself have seen Macready*, the dramatic idol of England, *end a soliloquy before empty benches and a deserted orchestra.* [At what London theatre and in what piece was Mr. Macready engaged until past Saturday midnight?] Well, then, what had never been before achieved—what has not been recorded in London, *in the memory of man*—what Macready, Malibran, Rubini, never could achieve, Taglioni has accomplished. It was last Saturday: midnight was about to strike and none thought of looking at their watches; the ballet of *La Bayadere* was about to commence. I need not say Taglioni danced in it. Half-past twelve came without anybody in the theatre perceiving it. On the close of the ballet three rounds of applause thundered from every corner of the house, Mademoiselle Taglioni was recalled, and covered with flowers, when the English bethought themselves of the hour. Judge of their amazement and confusion."

As a broker was folding some bank bills, a wag observed—"you am tusq ngrowing rich fast, for I perceive you readily *double your money.*"

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide,*" engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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